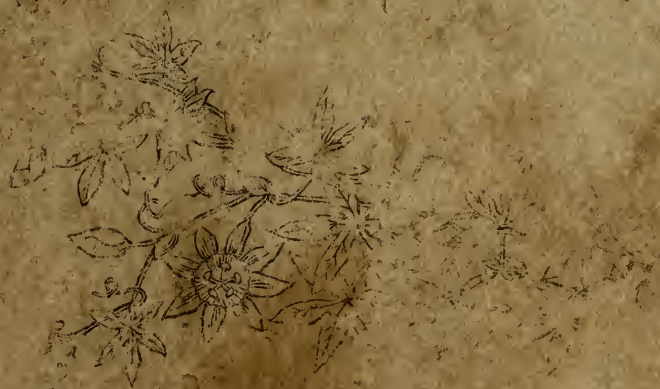
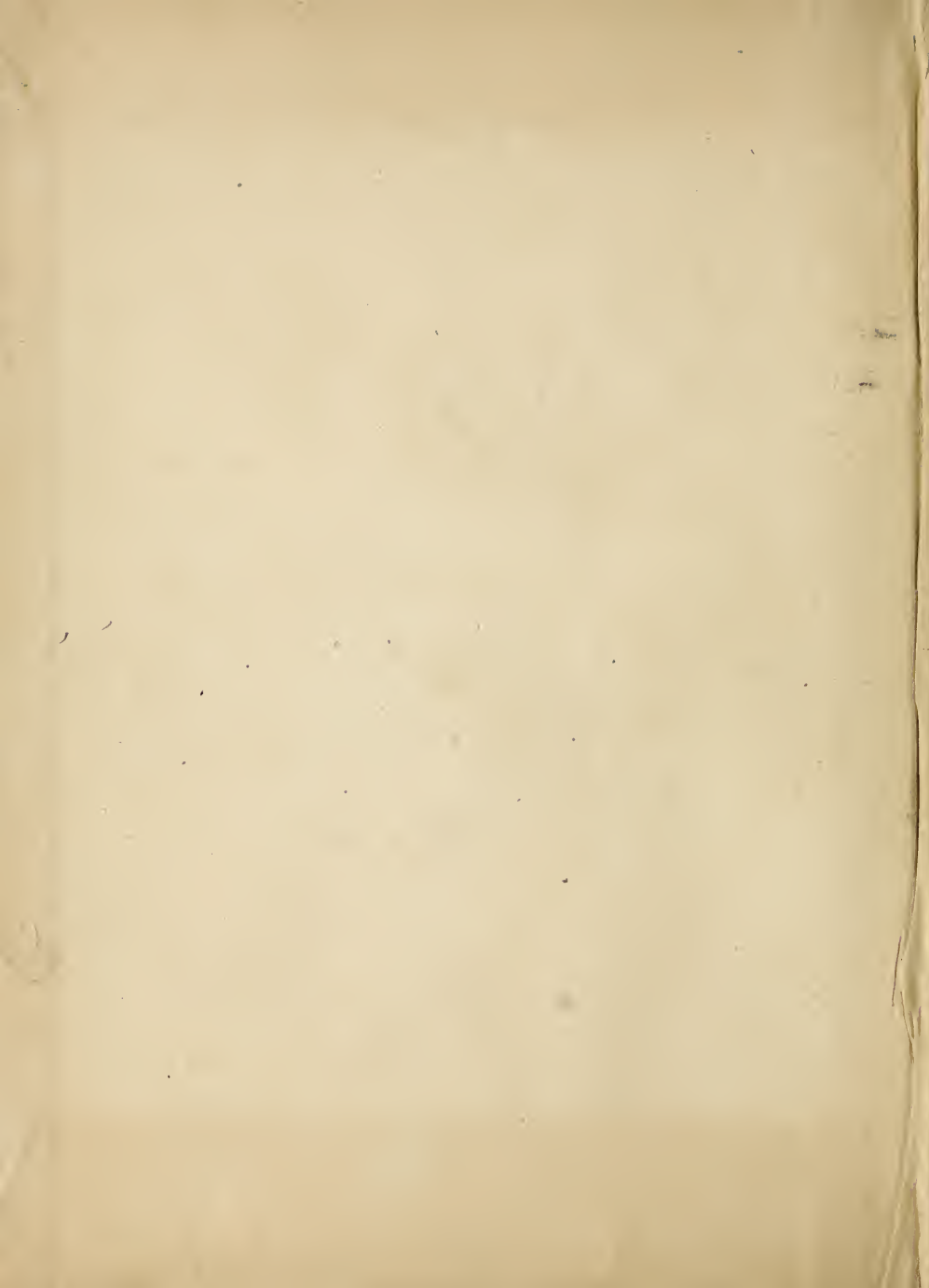


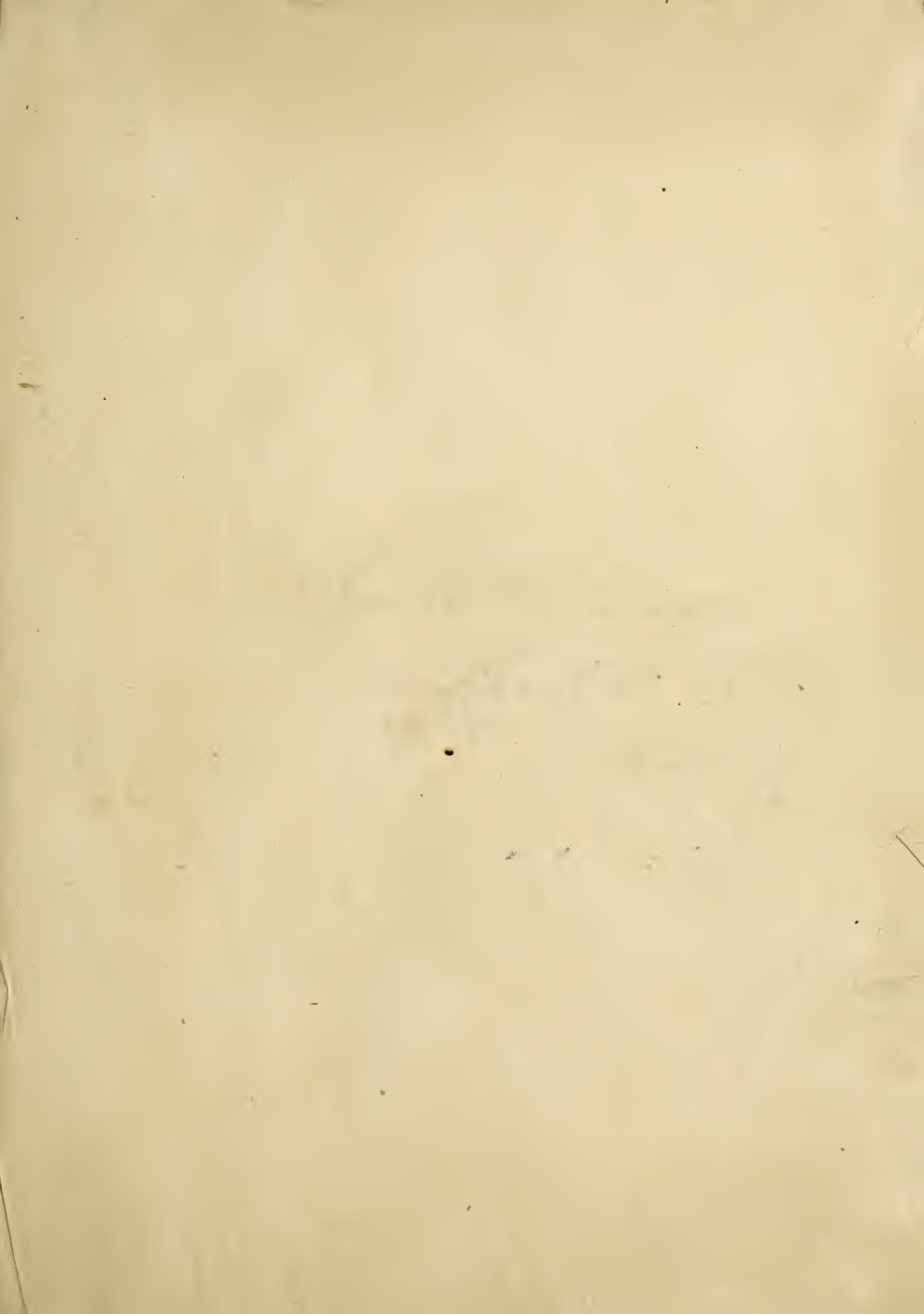
HYMNS
AND
GATHERINGS
FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS
AND
FAMILIES

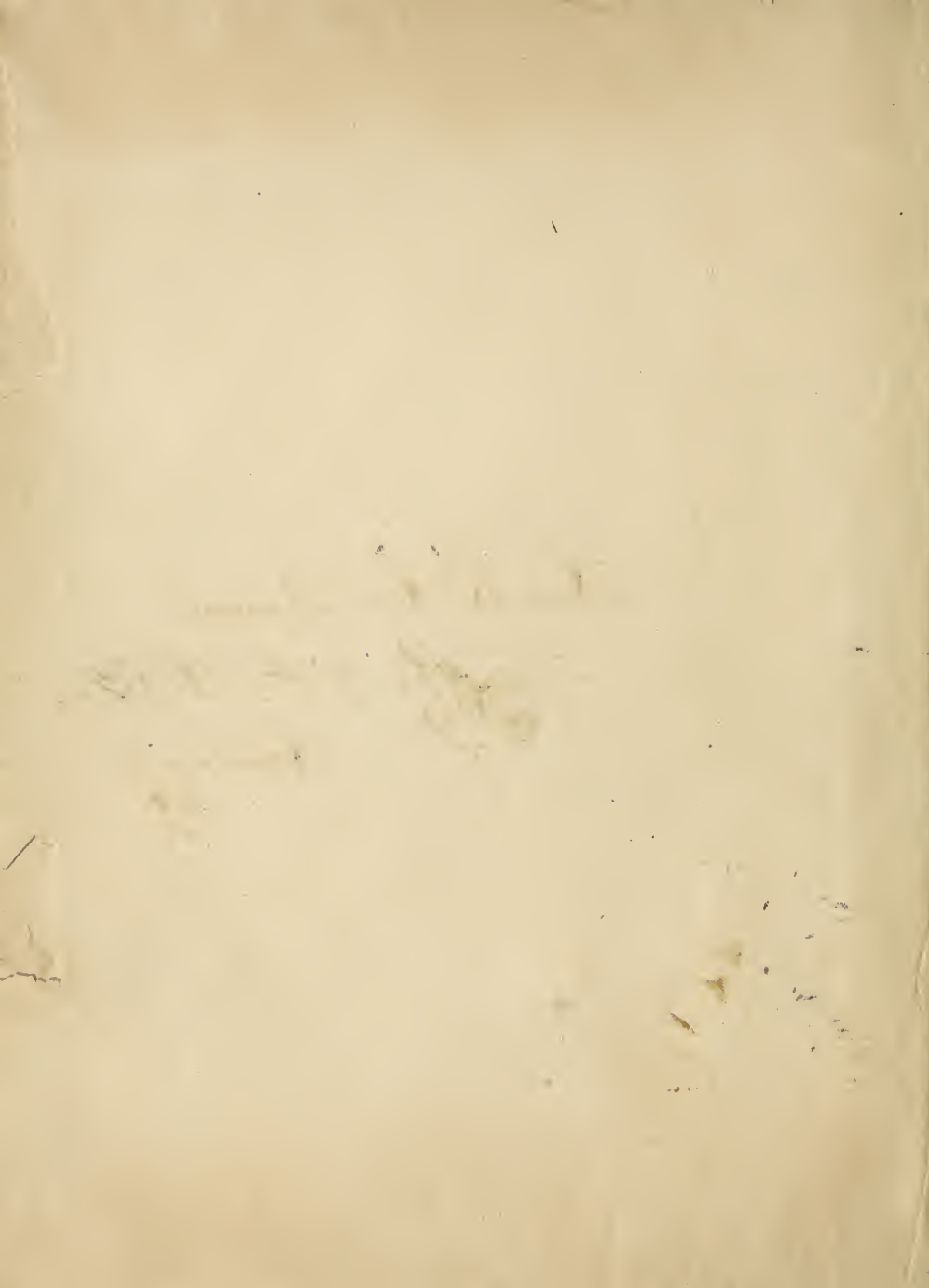


PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.







Sue R. Christman.

Apr. 9th. 1882.

Reading.

P. W.

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The R. Christmas

Apr 24 1872

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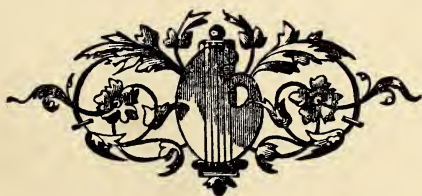


HYMNS AND CAROLS

FOR

CHURCH AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY ALICE NEVIN.



PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

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PREFACE.

Hymns and Carols for Church and Sunday-School has been prepared at the request of a number of my clerical friends to meet a growing want, felt throughout many of our churches, for a more devotional and educational order of praise to be used in the service of the Sunday-school.

It is beginning to be more and more felt that the meaningless, jingling rhymes and melodies, called Sunday-school hymns and songs, with which the country is flooded, have not a formative influence upon either the moral or the religious nature of a child. Too much of the modern Sunday-school hymnology, instead of being *childlike*, is simply *childish*.

The portion of this little hymnal devoted to the older schools, generally consisting of children from ten to sixteen years of age, can be used equally well in the service of the church, as, after many years' experience in the direction of church and Sunday-school music, I have come to the conclusion that the only way to secure good congregational singing is to train up the children under a competent precentor to the use of such hymns and music as may prepare them to offer afterward an acceptable service of praise and thanksgiving in the church.

I take this opportunity of returning my sincere thanks to the many kind friends who have aided me in my work by their advice and assistance; also, to Messrs. Dutton & Co. for permission to use several of their carols.

ALICE NEVIN.

CAERNARVON PLACE, April 22, 1879.



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HYMNS AND CAROLS.

Venite, Exultemus Domino.

SIR JOHN GOSS.



OH come, let us **sing** | unto · the | Lord : || let us heartily **rejoice** in the | strength · of | our ·
sal- | vation.

Let us come before His **présence** with | thanks- = | giving : || and **show** ourselves | glad · in
| Him · with | psalms.

For the **Lord** is a | great · = | God : || and a great **King** a- | bove · = | all · = | gods.

In His hand are all the **côrners** | of · the | earth : || and the **strength** of the | hills · is |
His · = | also.

The sea is **His**, | and · He · | made it : || and His **hands** pre- | par-ed the | dry · = | land. ·

Oh come, let us **wôrship**, | and · fall | down : || and **kneel** be- | fore · the | Lord · our | Maker.

For **He** is the | Lord · our | God : || and we are the people of His **pâsture**, and the | sheep ·
of | His · = | hand.

Oh worship the **Lord** in the | beauty · of | holiness : || let the whole **earth** | stand · in | awe ·
of | Him.

For He cometh, for He **cômeth** to | judge · the | earth : || and with righteousness to judge the
world, and the | peo-ple | with · His | truth.

Glory be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son : || **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost :

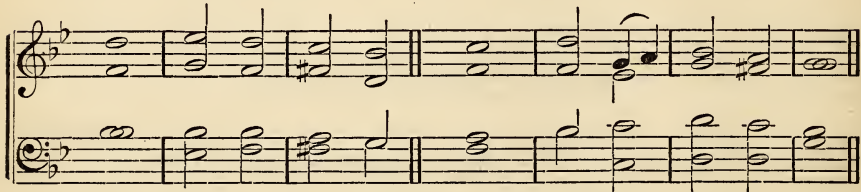
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be : || **world** | without | end. A- | MEN.

Gloria in Excelsis.

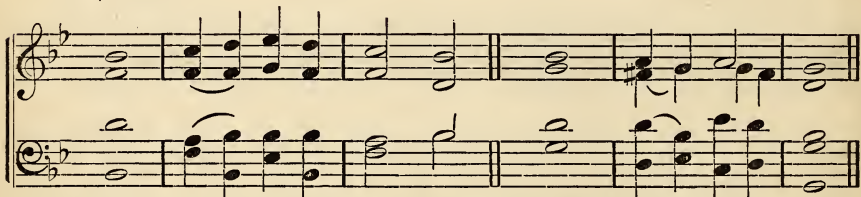
GREGORIAN.



Glory be to | God on | high, || and on **earth** | peace, good- | will toward | men.
We praise Thee, we bless **Thee**, we | wor-ship | Thee, || we glorify Thee, we give **thanks** to
| Thee for | Thy great | glory.



O Lord **God**, | heavenly | King || **God** the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty!
O Lord, the only-begotten **Son**, | Jesus | Christ, || O Lord God, Lamb of **God**, | Son — | of
the | Father,



That takest **away** the | sins · of the | world, || have **mercy** | up-on — | us.
Thou that takest **away** the | sins · of the | world, || have **mercy** | up-on — | us.
Thou that takest **away** the | sins · of the | world, **re-** | ceive our | prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right **hand** of | God the | Father, || have **mercy** | up-on — | us.



A - MEN.

For **Thou** | only art— | holy, || **Thou** | only | art the | Lord.
Thou only, O **Christ**, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most **high** in the | glory of | God the
Father. || A— | MEN.

Gloria in Excelsis.

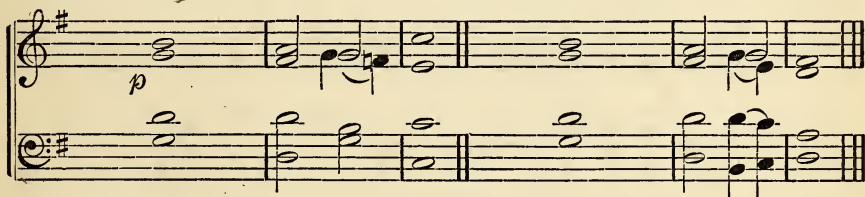
OLD CHANT.



GLORY be to | God · on | high : || and on **earth** | peace, · good · | will · toward | men.
We praise Thee, we bless **Thee**, we | wor-ship | Thee : || we glorify Thee, we give **thanks** to
| Thee · for | Thy · great | glory.



O Lord **God**, | heavenly | King : || **God** the | Fa-ther | Al- = | mighty.
O Lord, the only-begotten **Son**, | Je-sus | Christ : || O Lord God, Lamb of **God**, | Son · = |
of · the | Father,



That takest **away** the | sins · of the | world : || have **mêr-cy** up- | on · = | us.
Thou that takest **away** the | sins · of the | world : || have **mêr-cy** up- | on · = | us.
Thou that takest **away** the | sins · of the | world : || **re- | ceive** · our | prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right **hand** of | God · the | Father : || have **mêr-cy** up- | on · = | us.

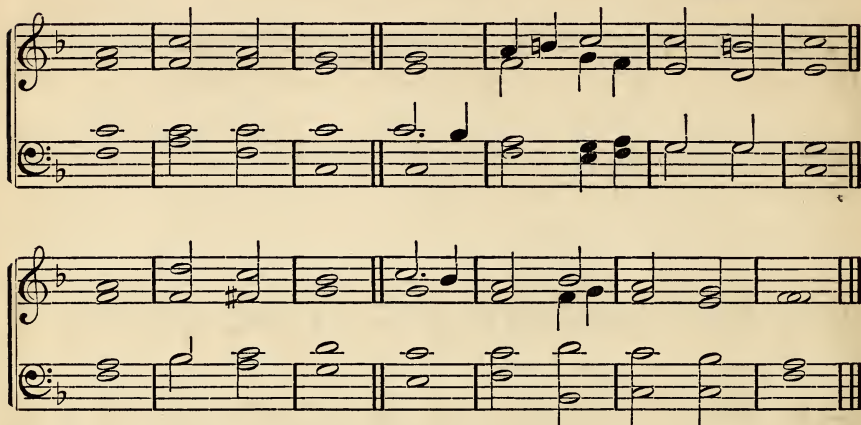


A - MEN.

For Thou **ô-n-ly** | art · = | holy : || **Thou** | on-ly | art · the | Lord.
Thou only, O **Christ**, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost : || art most **high** in the | glory · of | God ·
the | Father. || A - MEN.

Te Deum Laudamus.

DEAN ALDRICH.



WE praise | Thee · O | God : || we **acknowledge** | Thee · to | be · the | Lord.
 All the earth doth | worship | Thee : || the **Fâther** | ev-er- | last = | ing.
 To **Thee** all angels | cry · a- | loud : || the **hêavens**, and | all · the | powers · there- | in.
 To **Thee**, cherubim and | se-raph- | im : || **con-** | tin-u-al- | ly · do | cry ;
Holy, | Ho-ly, | Holy : || **Lord** | God · of | Sa-ba- | oth ;
Hêaven and | earth · are | full : || of the | majes-ty | of · Thy | glory.
 The glorious company of the **apôstles** | praise · = | Thee : ||
 The goodly fellowship of the | pro-phets | praise · = | Thee.
 The noble army of **mârtyrs** | praise · = | Thee : ||
 The holy Church throughout all the **world** | doth · ac- | know-ledge | Thee ;
 The **Fâther**, of an | in-finite | Majesty : ||
 Thine **adôrable**, | true, · and | ou-ly | Son,
Alsô the | Ho-ly | Ghost : ||
The | Com = | = · fort- | er.
Thou | art · the | King : || of | glo-ry, | O = | Christ.
Thou art the ev-er- | last-ing | Son : || of | = · the | Fa- · = | ther.
 When Thou tookest upon **Thee** to de- | liv-er | man : || Thou didst humble **Thysêlf** to be |
 born · = | of · a | Virgin.
 When Thou hadst **overcôme** the | sharpness · of | death : || Thou didst open the **kingdom**
 of | heaven · to | all · be- | lievers.
 Thou sittest at the **right** | hand · of | God : || in the | glo-ry | of · the | Father.
 We **believe** that | Thou · shalt | come : || to | be · = | our · = | Judge.
 We therefore **pray** Thee | help · Thy | servants : || whom Thou hast **redêemed** | with · Thy
 pre-cious | blood.
 Make them to be **nûmbered** | with · Thy | saints : || in **glôry** | ev-er- | last- · = | ing.
 O **Lord**, | save · Thy | people : || and | bless · Thine | her-it- | age.
Gôv- · = · ern | them : || and | lift · them | up · for | ever.
Day | = · by | day : || we | mag-ni- | fy = | Thee ;
And we | worship · Thy | name : || **êver** | world · with- | out = | end.
Vouch- · safe, O | Lord : || to keep us | this · day | with-out | sin.
 O **Lord**, have | mercy · up- | on us : || **have** | mer-cy · up- | on · = | us.
 O Lord, let Thy **mêrcy** | be · up- | on us : || as our | trust = | is · in | Thee.
 O Lord, in **Thee** | have · I | trusted : || let me | nev-er | be · con- | founded.

Benedicite, Omnia Opera.

JAMES TURLE.

O all ye works of the Lord, Bless ye the Lord,

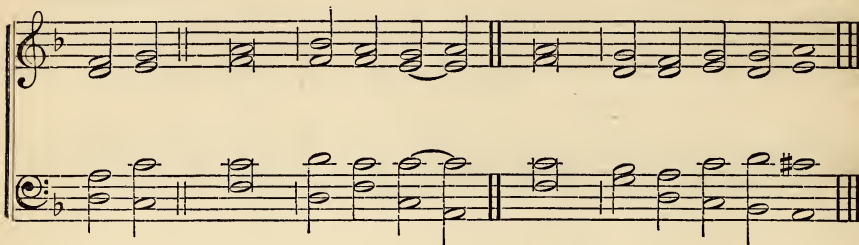
ff praise Him, and mag - ni - fy Him for ev - er.

O ye angels of the.....	Lord,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye.....	heavens,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye waters that be above the.....	firmament,	bless ye the	Lord :
O all ye powers of the.....	Lord,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye sun and.....	moon,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye stars of.....	heaven,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye showers and.....	dew,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye winds of	God,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye fire and	heat,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye winter and.....	summer,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye dews and	frosts,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye frost and.....	cold,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye ice and	snow,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye nights and.....	days,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye light and	darkness,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye lightnings and.....	clouds,	bless ye the	Lord :
Oh let the.....	earth	bless ... the	Lord : <i>ff</i> yea, let it
O ye mountains and.....	hills,	bless ye the	Lord :
O all ye green things upon the.....	earth,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye.....	wells,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye seas and.....	floods,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye whales, and all that move in the.....	waters,	bless ye the	Lord :
O all ye fowls of the.....	air,	bless ye the	Lord :
O all ye beasts and.....	cattle,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye children of.....	men,	bless ye the	Lord :
Oh let.....	Israel	bless ... the	Lord :
O ye priests of the.....	Lord,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye servants of the.....	Lord,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye spirits and souls of the.....	righteous,	bless ye the	Lord :
O ye holy and humble men of.....	heart,	bless ye the	Lord :

Miserere Mei, Deus.

GREGORIAN.

I. 4.



HAVE = || **mercy** upon me | O God : according to | Thy loving-kindness.

According unto the multitude of **Thy** | tender 'mercies : **blot** | out my transgressions.

Wash me **thoroughly** | from mine iniquity : **and** | cleanse me from my sin.

For I **acknowledge** | my transgressions : and my **sin** is | ever before me.

Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this **evil** | in Thy sight : that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, **and** be | clear when Thou judgest.

Behold I was | shapen in iniquity : and in **sin** did my | mother conceive me.

Behold Thou desirest **truth** in the | inward parts : and in the hidden part **Thou** shalt | make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with **hyssop**, and I | shall be clean : wash me, and I **shall** be | whi = ter than snow.

Make me to **hear** | joy and gladness : that the bones which **Thou** hast | broken may rejoice.

Hide Thy **face** | from my sins : and **blot** | out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a **clean** | heart, O God : and renew a **right** | spirit within me.

Cast me not **away** | from Thy presence : and take not **Thy** | Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the **joy** of | Thy salvation : and **uphold** me | with Thy free Spirit. Then will I teach **transgressors** | Thy ways : and sinners shall **be** con- | verted unto Thee.

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou **God** of | my salvation : and my tongue shall sing **aloud** | of Thy righteousness.

O **Lord**, open | Thou my lips : and my mouth **shall** | show forth Thy praise.

For Thou desirest not sacrifice, **else** | would I give it : Thou **delightest** | not in burnt offerings.

The sacrifices of **God** are a | broken spirit : a broken and a contrite heart, O **God**, Thou wilt not despise.

Do good in Thy good **pleasure** | unto Zion : build Thou the **walls** of Jerusalem.

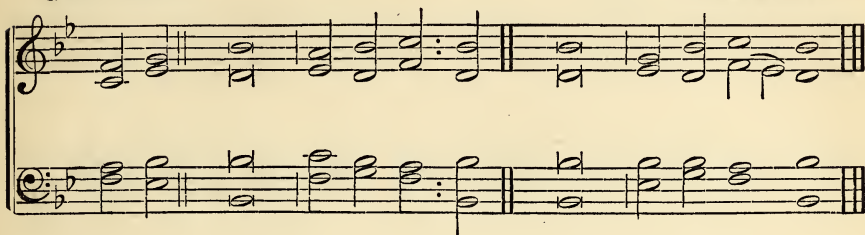
Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt **offering**, and | whole burnt offering : then shall they **offer** bullocks | upon Thine altar.

Glo-ry || be to the **Father** | and to the Son : **and** | to the Holy Ghost ;

As it || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ever shall be : **world** | without end. AMEN.

Deus Misereatur.

GREGORIAN.

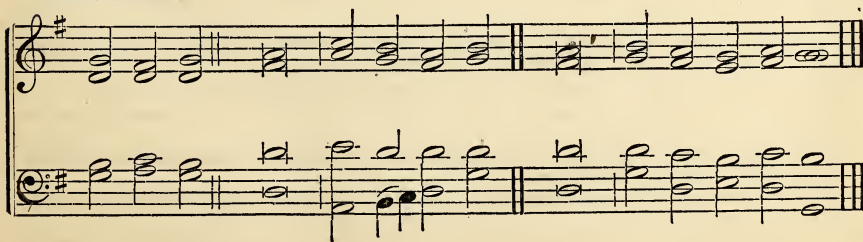
VIII. 2. *Rouen Mediation.*

GOD · BE || **mêrciful** unto | us, · and · bless · us : and show us the light of His countenance,
and be | merci · ful · un · to · us ;
 That Thy **way** may be | known · upon · earth : Thy saving **health** a · mong ·
all · na · tions.
 Let the people **praise** | Thee, · O · God : yea, let **all** the | peo · ple · praise · Thee.
 Oh let the nations **rejoice**, | and · be · glad : for Thou shalt judge the folk right ·
 eously, and **gôvern** the | na · tions · up · on · earth.
 Let the people **praise** | Thee, · O · God : yea, let **all** the | peo · ple · praise · Thee.
 Then shall the **earth** bring | forth · her · in · crease : and God, even our own **God**,
 shall | give · us · His · blessing.
God shall | bless · us : and all the **ends** of the | world · shall · fear · Him.
 Glo · ry || be to the **Fâther** | and · to · the Son : **and** | to · the Ho · ly · Ghost ;
 As · it || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev · er · shall · be : **world** with · | out ·
 end. A · MEN.

Gloria Patri.

GREGORIAN.

VII. 4.



GLO · RY || be to the **Fâther**, | and · to · the Son : **and** | to · the Ho · ly · Ghost ;
 As it || was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev · er · shall · be : **world** with · | out ·
 end. A · MEN.

Benedic, Anima Mea.

ANCIENT THEME.

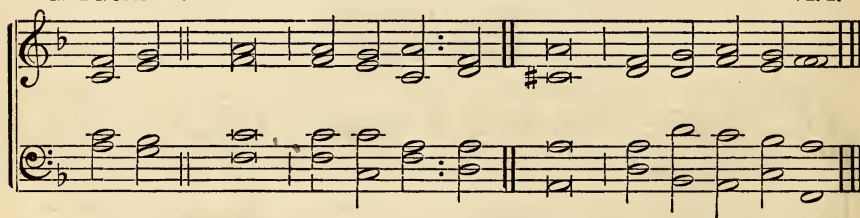


PRAISE the **Lord**, | O · my | soul : || and all that is **within** me | praise · His | holy | name.
 Praise the **Lord**, | O · my | soul : || and forget **not** | all · His | ben-e- | fits;
 Who **forgiveth** | all · thy | sin : || and healeth **all** | thine · in- | firm-i- | ties;
 Who saveth thy **life** | from · de | struction : || and crowneth thee with **mêr-cy** and | lov-ing- |
 kind- = | ness.
 Oh praise the **Lord**, ye angels of His, **ye** that ex- | cel · in | strength : || ye that fulfill His com-
 mandment, and **hêarken** unto the | voice · of | His · = | word.
 Oh praise the **Lord**, all | ye · His | hosts : || ye **sêrvants** of | His · that | do · His | pleasure.
 Oh speak good of the **Lord**, all ye works of His, in all **plâces** of | His do- | minion : || praise
 thou the **Lord**, | O · = | my · = | soul.
 Glory be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son : || **and** | to · the | Holy | Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be : || **world** | without | end. A- | MEN.

Jubilate Deo.

GREGORIAN.

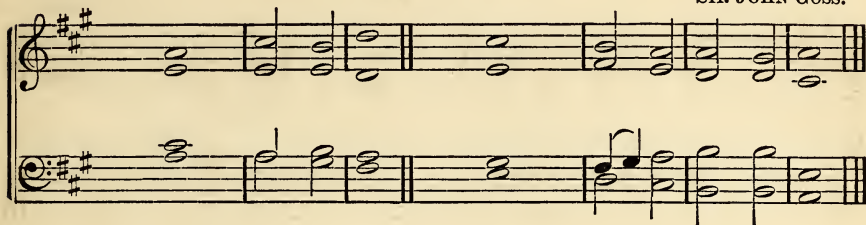
VI. 2.



Oh · be || joyful in the **Lord** | all · ye · lands : serve the Lord with gladness, and come **bêfore**
 His | pre-sence · with · a · song.
 Be ye sure that the **Lord**, | He · is · God : || it is He that hath made us, and not we
 ourselves; we are His people, and the **sheep** | of · His · pas-ture.
 Oh go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and **into** His | courts · with ·
 praise : be thankful unto **Him**, and | speak · good · of · His name.
 For the Lord is gracious, His **mêr-cy** is | ev-er-lasting : and His truth endureth from
gên-er-â-tion to | gen-er-â-tion.
 Glo-ry || be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the Son : **and** | to · the · Ho-ly · Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be : || **world** | without | end. A- | MEN.

Magnificat.

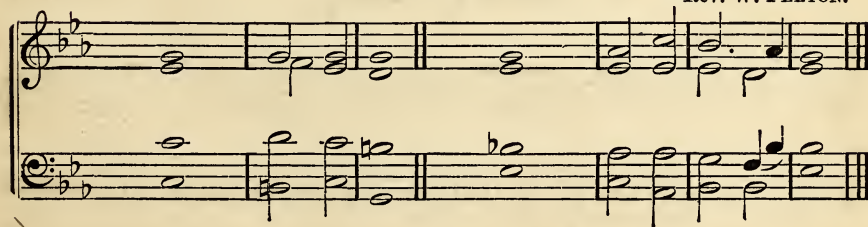
SIR JOHN GOSS.



My soul doth **mâgni-** | fy · the | Lord : || and my spirit hath re- | joiced · in | God · my |
 Saviour.
For He | hath · re- | garded : || the low estate | of · His | hand- = | maiden.
For be- | hold, · from | henceforth : || all gener- | ations · shall | call · me | blessed.
For He that is mighty hath **done to** | me great | things : || **and** | ho-ly | is · His name.
 And His mercy is on **them** that | fear · = | Him : || **from generation** | to— | gen-er- | ation.
 He hath showed **strength** | with · His | arm : || He hath scattered the **proud** in the imagin- |
 a-tion | of · their | hearts.
 He hath put down the **mighty** | from · their | seat : || and **hath** exalted | them of | low de- |
 gree.
 He hath filled the **hûngry** | with · good | things : || and the **rich** He | hath · sent | empty ·
 a- | way.
 He remembering His mercy hath holpen His **sêrvant** | Is-ra- | el : || as He promised to our
 forefathers, **Abraham** | and · his | seed, · for | ever.
 Glory be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son : || **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be : || **world with-** | out · end. |
 A- = | MEN.

Nunc Dimittis.

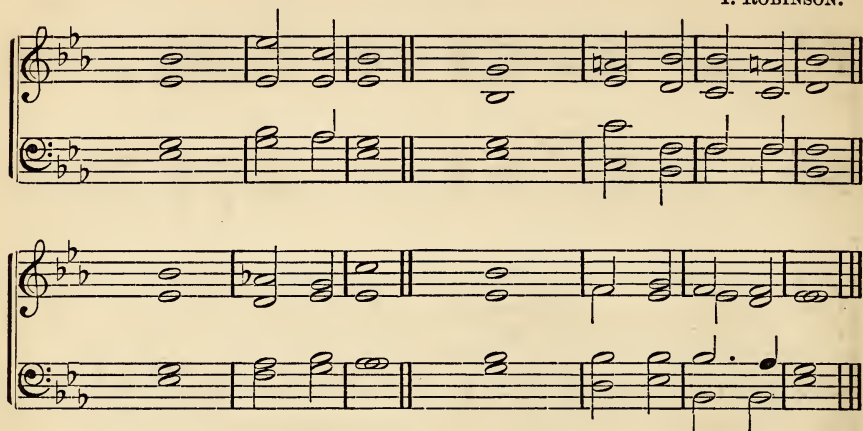
REV. W. FELTON.



LORD, now lettest Thou Thy **sêrvant** de- | part · in | peace : || **ac-** | cording | to · Thy | word.
For mine | eyes · have | seen : || **Thy** | sal- = | va- = | tion,
 Which **Thou** | hast · pre- | pared : || **be-fore** the | face · of | all · = | people;
 To be a **light** to | lighten · the | Gentiles : || and to be the **glôry** of Thy | peo-ple | Is-ra- | el.
 Glory be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son : || **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be : || **world** | without | end. A- | MEN.

Benedictus.

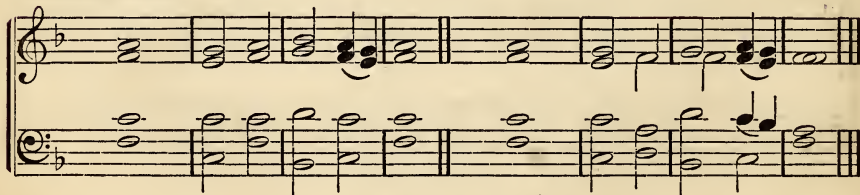
I. ROBINSON.



BLESSED be the Lord **God** of | Is-ra- | el : || for He hath **visited** | and · re- | deemed · His |
 people ;
 And hath raised up a mighty **salvâtion** | for · = | us : || in the **house** | of · His | ser- vant |
 David ;
 As He spake by the **mouth** of His | ho- ly | prophets : || which have **been** | since · the | world ·
 be- | gan ;
 That we should be **sâved** | from · our | enemies : || and from the **hand** of | all · that |
 hate · = | us :
 Glory be to the **Fâther**, | and · to the | Son : || and | to · the | Ho- ly | Ghost ;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev- er | shall be : || **world** | without | end. A- | MEN.

The Lord's Prayer.

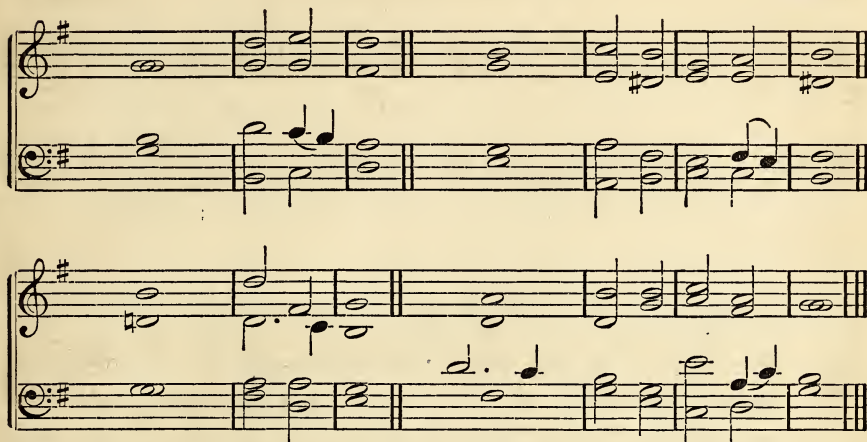
GREGORIAN.



OUR Father who art in **heaven**, | hallowed | be Thy | name || Thy kingdom come, Thy will
 be **done**, on | earth as it | is in | heaven.
 Give us **this** | day our | daily | bread || and forgive us our **debts** as | we for- | give our | debtors.
 And lead us not into **temptation**, but de- | liver | us from | evil, | for Thine is the kingdom, and
 the power, and the **glory** for | ever. | A- — | MEN.

Bonum Est Confiteri.

I. TURLE.

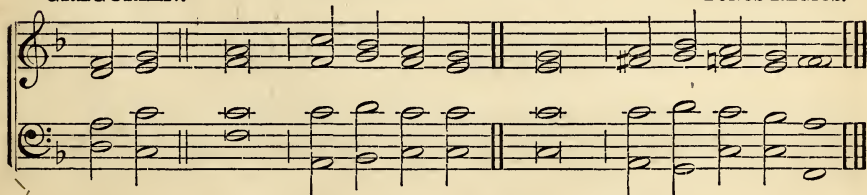


It is a good thing to give **thanks** | unto · the | Lord : || and to sing praises unto Thy **name**, |
 O · = | Most · = | Highest.
 To tell of Thy loving-kindness **early** | in · the | morning : || and of Thy **truth** | in · the |
 night · = | season.
 Upon an instrument of ten **strings**, and up- | on · the | lute : || upon a loud **instrument**, |
 and · up- | on · the | harp.
 For Thou, Lord, hast made me **glad** | through · Thy | works : || and I will rejoice in giving
praise for the oper- | a-tions | of · Thy | hands.
 Glo-ry be to the **Father**, | and · to the | Son : || **and** | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
 As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be : || **world** | without | end. A- | MEN.

The Lord's Prayer.

GREGORIAN.

TONUS REGIUS.



OUR || Father who art in heaven, **hallowed** | be Thy name, | Thy kingdom come, Thy will
 be **done** on | earth as it is in heaven ;
 Give us this **day** our | daily bread | and forgive us our **debts** as | we forgive our
 debtors.
 And lead us not into temptation, but **deliver** | us from evil | for Thine is the kingdom,
 and the power, and the **glory**, for | ever. A- — MEN.

Seraphic Hymn.

HOWARD.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Sa - ba - oth; Heaven and earth are

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

full, are full of the ma - jes - ty of Thy glo - ry. Ho - san - na, Ho -

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

san - na, Ho - san - na in the highest! Blessed is He that com - eth in the

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

name of the Lord. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est!

The fourth system of musical notation. It concludes the hymn with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1 *Lo, He Comes, with Clouds Descending.*

ST. THOMAS. 8s, 7s & 4.

V. NOVELLO.

1. Lo, He comes, with clouds descend-ing, Once for favored sin - ners slain;

Thousand thousand saints at - tend-ing Swell the triumph of His train:

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord re - turns to reign. A-MEN.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at naught and sold Him,
 Pierced, and nail'd Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea and mountain,
 Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;
 Come to judgment,
 Come to judgment, come away.

4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear;
 All His saints, by men rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air.
 Alleluia!
 See the day of God appear.

5 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
 Oh come quickly,
 Alleluia! Come, Lord, come. AMEN.

Charles Wesley and John Pennick. Altered by M. Maden.

2

Rejoice, all ye Believers.

MUNICH. 7s & 6s. D.

GERMAN MELODY.

1. { Re - joice, all ye be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear; }
 { The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near. }

The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon He draw - eth nigh;

Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle; At midnight comes the cry. A-MEN.

2 The watchers on the mountain
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
 Go meet Him, as He cometh,
 With hallelujahs clear;
 The marriage-feast is waiting,
 The gates wide open stand;
 Up! up! ye heirs of glory!
 The Bridegroom is at hand.

3 Ye saints who here in patience
 Your cross and sufferings bore
 Shall live and reign for ever
 Where sorrow is no more;

Around the throne of glory
 The Lamb ye shall behold,
 In triumph cast before Him
 Your diadems of gold.

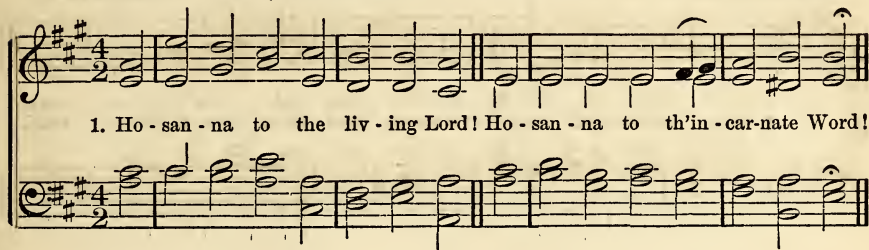
4 Our Hope and Expectation,
 O Jesus! now appear;
 Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere:
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord! to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 That brings us unto Thee. AMEN.

Laurentius Laurenti, 1700. Trans. Jane Borthwick, 1853.

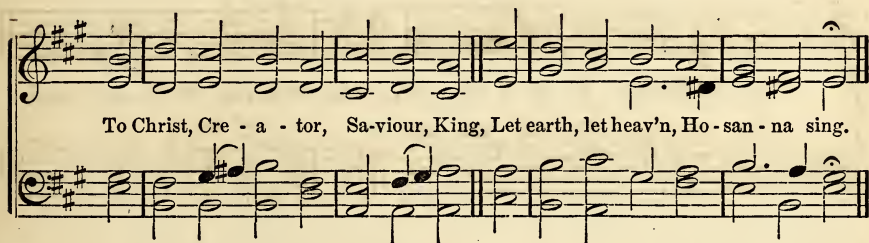
3 Hosanna to the Living Lord.

HOSANNA. L. M. (With Chorus.)

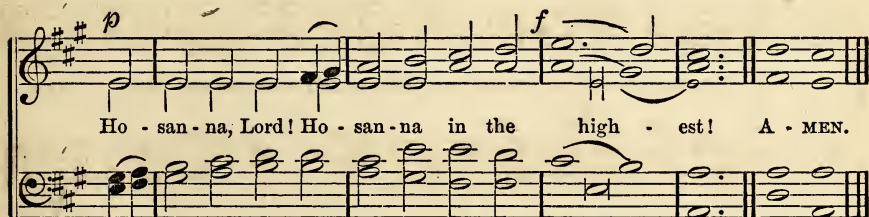
Rev. Dr. DYKES.



1. Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th'in - car - nate Word!



To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sa - viour, King, Let earth, let heav'n, Ho - san - na sing.



Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - est! A - MEN.

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

AMEN.

Reginald Heber.

4

Come, Kingdom of our God.

CARLISLE. S. M.

C. LOCKHART.

1. Come, kingdom of our God, Sweet reign of life and love; Shed

peace and hope and joy a - broad, And wis - dom from a - bove. A-MEN.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
Then raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her land and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree,
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

5 Come, kingdom of our God,
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
When God shall bless His own. AMEN.
Johns (Lyr. Amer., 1865).

5

Hail! Thou long-expected Jesus.

SAXONY. 8s & 7s.

G. K. OLIVER.

1. Hail! Thou long-ex-pect-ed Je-sus, Born to set Thy peo-ple free;

SAXONY.—Continued.

From our fears and sins release us; Let us find our rest in Thee. A - MEN.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,

Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
4 By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. AMEN.

Charles Wesley, 1744.

6 *Lift up the Advent Strain.*

Sir JOHN GOSS.

1. Lift up the ad - vent strain! Be - hold, the Lord is nigh!

Greet His approach, ye saints, a - gain, With hymns of ho - ly joy. A - MEN.

2 Daughter of Sion, rise
To meet thy lowly King;
Nor let the faithless heart despise
The peace He comes to bring.

3 As Judge in clouds of light
He shall come down again,
And all His scattered saints unite
With Him in heaven to reign. AMEN.

7 *O'er the Distant Mountains Breaking.*

SALZBURG. 8s, 7s & 4.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

1. O'er the dis-tant mountains breaking, Comes the red'ning dawn of day:

Rise, my soul, from sleep a-wak-ing, Rise and sing, and watch and pray:

'Tis thy Sa-viour, 'Tis thy Saviour, On His bright re-turn-ing way. A-MEN.

2 O Thou long-expected, weary
 Waits my anxious soul for Thee;
 Life is dark and earth is dreary,
 Where Thy light I do not see;
 O my Saviour,
 When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Long, too long in sin and sadness,
 Far away from Thee, I pine,
 When, oh when, shall I the gladness
 Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?
 O my Saviour,
 When shall I be wholly Thine?

4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
 Spent the night, the day at hand;
 Keep me in my lonely station,
 Watching for Thee, till I stand,
 O my Saviour,
 In Thy bright and promised land.

5 With my lamp well trimmed and burn-
 ing,
 Swift to hear and slow to roam,
 Watching for Thy glad returning
 To restore me to my home;
 Come, my Saviour,
 O my Saviour, quickly come! AMEN.

J. S. B. Monsell.

8 *Hark, the Glad Sound! the Saviour Comes.*

CHOPIN. C. M.

ANON.

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes, The Saviour prom - is'd long;

Let ev'-ry heart pre-pare a throne, And ev'-ry voice a song,

And ev - 'ry voice a song. A - MEN.

2 On Him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the pris'ners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,

And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with His righteousness and grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

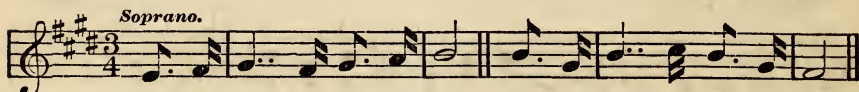
6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name. AMEN.

Philip Doddridge.

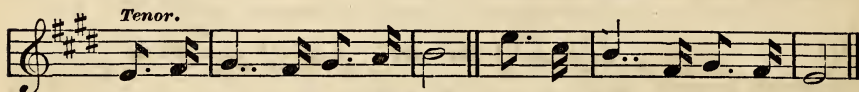
9 Watchman, Tell us of the Night.

WATCHMAN. 7s.

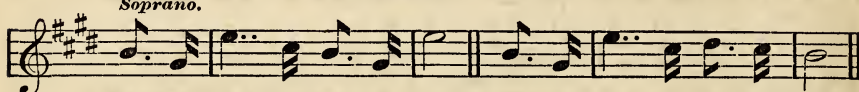
Dr. L. MASON.



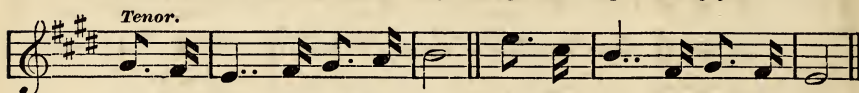
1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are.



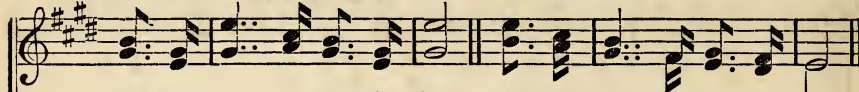
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height See that glo - ry-beam-ing star.



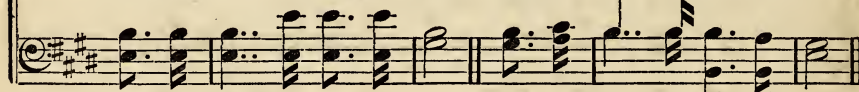
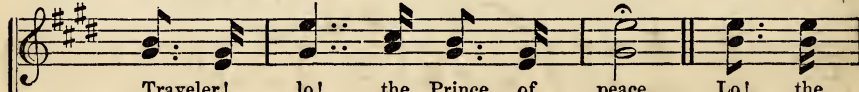
Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell?



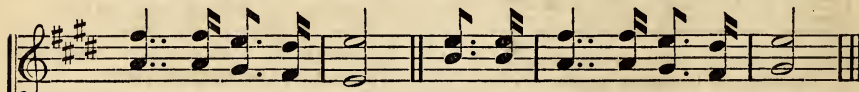
Traveler, yes; it brings the day— Promised day of Is - ra - el.

CHORUS to 1st and 2d stanzas.

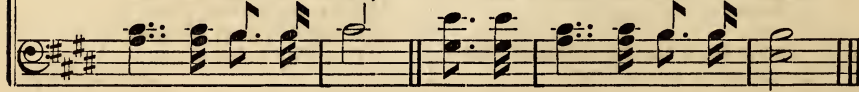
Traveler, yes; it brings the day— Promised day of Is - ra - el.

*CHORUS to 3d stanza.*

Traveler! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the



Son of God is come, Lo! the Son of God is come.



2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts all o'er the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home;
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come!

Sir John Bowring (1825).

10 Jesus, Thy Church with Longing Eyes.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

H. HATTON.

1. Je - sus, Thy Church with long - ing eyes For thine ex - pect - ed

com - ing waits. When will the prom - ised light a - rise,

And glo - ry beam from Zi - on's gates? A - MEN.

2 Oh come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be
hurled,
All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace receive a dying world.

3 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour,
And fit us, by Thy grace, to share
The triumphs of Thy conq'ring power.

AMEN.

Wm. H. Bathurst.

11

Come Hither, Ye Faithful.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

Arr. by P. READING.

1. Come hith - er, ye faith - ful; tri - umph - ant - ly sing: Come

see in the man - ger the an - gels' dread King! To Beth - le - hem

hast - en with joy - ful ac - cord; Oh come ye, come hither, Oh

come ye, come hither, Oh come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord. A-MEN.

2 True Son of the Father, He comes from the skies;
To be born of a virgin He does not de-
spise;

To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful ac-
cord;
||: Oh come ye, come hither, :|| to worship
the Lord!

- 3 Hark, hark to the angels, all singing
in heaven,
"To God in the highest all glory be
given!"
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful ac-
cord;
||: Oh come ye, come hither, :|| to worship
the Lord!
- 4 To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy
birth,
Be glory and honor through heaven
and earth,
True Godhead incarnate! omnipotent
Word!
||: Oh come, let us hasten :|| to worship the
Lord! AMEN.

Latin Hymn. Fifteenth Century.

12

Joy to the World!

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let

ev - ry heart pre- pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
And heav'n and nature

heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na- ture sing. A - MEN.
sing,
And heav'n and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

13

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

MENDELSSOHN. 7s.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King;

The first system of the musical score for 'Hark! the Herald Angels Sing'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/2 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staffs.

Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!

The second system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staffs.

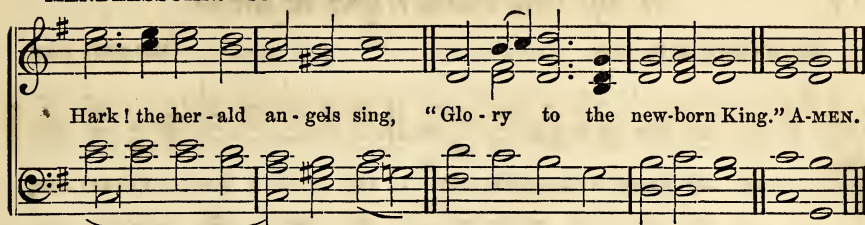
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the triumph of the skies;

The third system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staffs.

With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"

The fourth system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staffs.

MENDELSSOHN.—Continued.

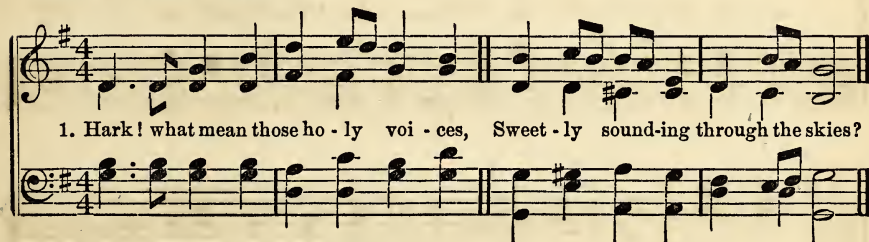
*Organ pedal.*

2 Hail, the heavenly Prince of peace!
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

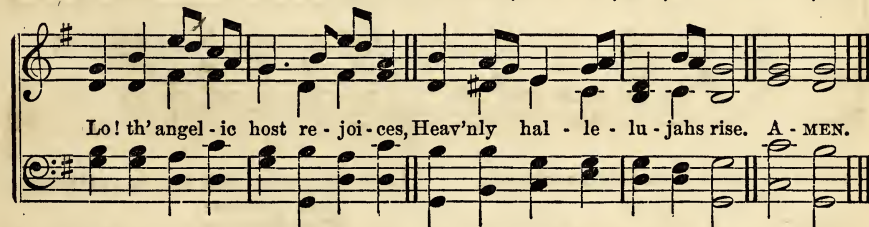
Mild, He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! etc. AMEN.

*Charles Wesley.*14 **Hark! what Mean those Holy Voices.**

HOLY VOICES. 8s & 7s.



1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet - ly sound-ing through the skies?



Lo! th' angel - ic host re - joi - ces, Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs rise. A - MEN.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
'Glory be to God most high!'" AMEN.

John Cawood, 1825.

15

All my Heart this Night Rejoices.

Rev. ANGELO A. BENSON. (Trans. 1862.)

J. G. EBELING (1620-1672), 1666.

1. All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, Far and near,

Sweetest an - gel voi - ces. "Christ is born!" their choirs are sing - ing,

Till the air Ev - 'ry - where Now with joy is ring - ing.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come; from all doth grieve you
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.

Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more,
For the door
Now is found of gladness.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross,
Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.

16

The Lowly Crib in Bethlehem's Stall.

Arr. from HANDEL.

1. The low - ly crib in Bethl' - hem's stall, The

Child of won - der, All in All! Glo - ry to God,

Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the high - est!

2 "Proud Israel's Hope, the world's Desire!"

So sang of old the angelic choir.
Glory to God, etc.

3 "On earth sweet peace, to men good-will;

Let joy the distant nations fill."
Glory to God, etc.

4 Let children's voices, clear and strong,
The Christ-child's glories still prolong.

Glory to God, etc.

5 From far and near the pine-branch bring

And crown the cradle of our King.
Glory to God, etc.

6 Messiah, Jesu, Babe divine,
Unceasing praises still be Thine.
Glory to God, etc.

7 Let heaven and earth with praises ring;
Blest Trinity, to Thee we sing:
Glory to God, etc.

Edwin A. Gernaut.

17 *Hark! a Burst of Heavenly Music.*

Words by Mrs. M. N. MEIGS.

Music by FRED. SCHILLING.

1. Hark! a burst of heavenly mu-sic From a band of ser-aphs bright,

Sud-den-ly to earth descend-ing, In the calm and si-lent night:

To the shepherds of Ju-de-a, Watching in the earl-iest dawn,

So they bear the joy-ful tidings, "Je-sus, Prince of peace, is born."

HARK! A BURST OF HEAVENLY MUSIC.—Continued.

CHORUS.

Sweet and clear those an - gel voi - ces, Echoing thro' the storm - y sky,

As they chant the heavenly mu - sic, "Glo - ry be to God on high!"

2 Slumbering in a lowly manger
Lies the mighty Lord of all,
And before the holy Stranger
See the trembling shepherds fall.
He has come, the long-expected,
Full of wisdom, love, and grace,
To redeem His ruined creatures,
To restore our fallen race.

Cho.—So let angels wake the chorus,
So let ransomed men reply,
Chanting the œlestial anthem,
"Glory be to God on high!"

3 And this joyful Christmas morning,
Breaking o'er the world below,
Tells again the wondrous story
Shepherds heard so long ago.
Who shall still our tuneful voices,
Who the tide of praise shall stem,
Which the blessed angels taught us
In the fields of Bethlehem?

Cho.—Hark! we hear again the chorus
Ringing through the starry sky,
And we join the heavenly anthem,
"Glory be to God on high!"

18

What Child is This?

Poetry by W. C. DIX.

Old English.

1. Whatchild is this, who, laid to rest, On Ma-ry's lap is sleep-ing? Whom

WHAT CHILD IS THIS?—Continued.

An - gels greet with an-thems sweet, While shepherds watch are keep - ing?

ff CHORUS.

This, this is Christ the King, Whom shepherds guard and an - gels sing:

Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry.

2 Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear; for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading;
Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through,
The cross be borne for me, for you;
Hail, hail, the Word made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

3 So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh,
Come peasant, king, to own Him:
The King of kings salvation brings,
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise, the song on high,
The Virgin sings her lullaby;
Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

19

A Shepherd Band.

PRÆTORIUS, 1609.

1. A shepherd band their flocks are keeping, And gen-tle lambs are

sweet-ly sleeping, When sud-den-ly they all be-hold

An an-gel in bright robes, with harp of gold.

2 Glad tidings of great joy he bringeth,
The azure vault with anthems ringeth;
"Immanuel" awakes the song,
And countless hosts the glorious theme
prolong.

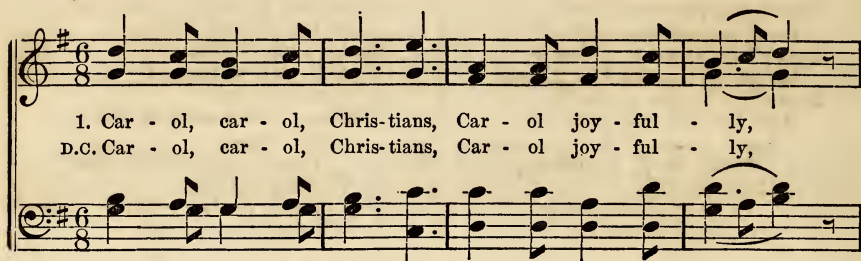
3 "To you, this day, is born a Saviour,
Your Prophet, Priest, and King for ever.
All glory be to God!" they cry;
"All glory be to God!" let earth reply.

4 The shepherds view the host returning,
Their hearts with holy ardor burning;
To Bethlehem they wend their way,
Repeating with glad tongues th' angelic
lay.

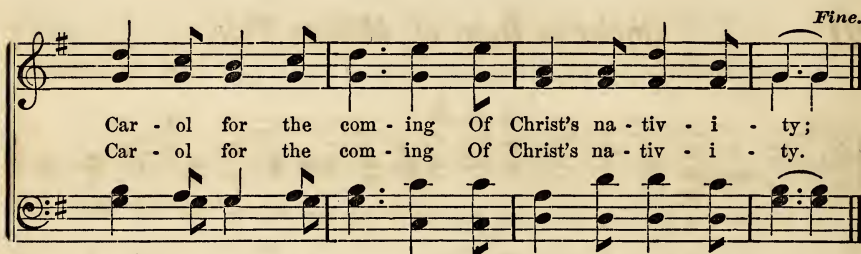
5 In haste they seek the heavenly Stran-
ger;
They find the Babe laid in a man-
ger;
With wonder and with awe they fall,
And joyfully adore Him, Lord of
all.

6 Now every voice with rapture swell-
eth,
For Christ the Lord with mortals dwell-
eth;
Let men and angels Him adore,
And shout their loud hosannahs ever-
more.

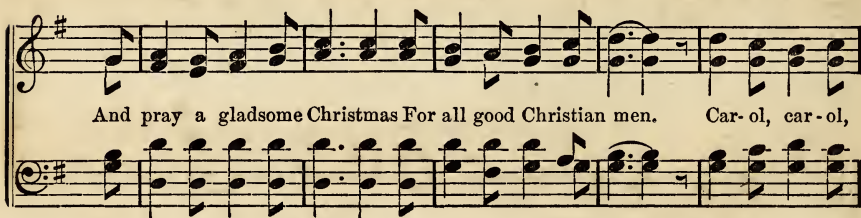
20

Carol, Carol, Christians.


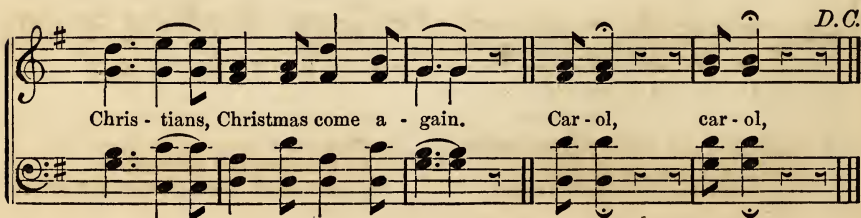
1. Car - ol, car - ol, Chris-tians, Car - ol joy - ful - ly,
 D.C. Car - ol, car - ol, Chris-tians, Car - ol joy - ful - ly,



Fine.
 Car - ol for the com - ing Of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty;
 Car - ol for the com - ing Of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty.



And pray a gladsome Christmas For all good Christian men. Car-ol, car-ol,



D.C.
 Chris - tians, Christmas come a - gain. Car - ol, car - ol,

2 Go ye to the forest,
Where the myrtles grow,
Where the pine and laurel
Bend beneath the snow,
And gather them for Jesus,
Wreath them for His shrine,
Make His temple glorious
With the box and pine.
Carol, carol,
Carol, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity.

3 Give us grace, O Saviour,
To put off in might
Deeds and dreams of darkness
For the robes of light,
That we may live as lowly
As Thyself with men,
So to rise in glory
When Thou comest again.
Carol, carol,
Carol, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity.

21 *Christ is Born of Maiden Fair.*

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

1. Christ is born of mai - den fair; Hark! the her - alds in the air Thus a -

dor - ing des - cant there: "In ex - cel - sis glo - - ri - a."

2 Shepherds saw those angels bright,
Caroling in glorious light;
"God, His Son is born to-night,
"In excelsis gloria."

3 Christ is come to save mankind,
As in holy page we find,
Therefore this song bear in mind,
"In excelsis gloria."

22

Angels, from the Realms of Glory.

Music by W. B. GILBERT.

Voices in Unison.

1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - - ry Wing your flight o'er

all the earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - - ry,

p *Voices in Harmony.*

Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth. Come and wor - ship,

cres.

Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King! A - MEN.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing :
 Yonder shines the infant-light.
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Saints before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In His temple shall appear.
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

AMEN.

By permission of E. P. Dutton & Co.

23

The Virgin's Cradle-Song.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

1. The Vir - gin stills the cry - ing Of Je - sus, sleepless ly - ing; And

sing - ing for His plea - sure, Thus calls u - pon her trea -

sure: "My darl - ing, do not weep, My Je - sus, sweet - ly sleep."

2 "O Lamb, my love inviting,
 O Star, my soul delighting,
 O Flower of mine own bearing,
 O Jewel past comparing!
 My darling, etc.

3 "My Child of might indwelling,
 My Sweet, all sweets excelling,

Of bliss the Fountain flowing,
 The Day-spring ever glowing.
 My darling, etc.

4 "My joy, my exultation,
 My spirit's consolation,
 My Son, my Spouse, my Brother,
 Oh listen to thy mother!
 My darling," etc.

24

In Excelsis Gloria.

Music by ED. T. POTTER.

1. When Christ was born of Ma - ry free, In Beth'lem, in that fair cit - y,

An - gels sang with mirth and glee, In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a!

CHORUS.

cres. *rall.*

In ex-cel-sis glo-ri-a! In ex-cel-sis glo-ri-a! In ex-cel-sis,

In ex-cel-sis, In ex-cel-sis glo-ri-a!

2 Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said, God's Son is born this night,
In excelsis gloria!

3 This King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find,

Therefore this song have we in mind,
In excelsis gloria!

4 Therefore, Lord, for Thy great grace
Grant us the bliss to see Thy face;
There we shall sing to Thy solace,
In excelsis gloria!

By permission of E. P. Dutton & Co.

25 All this Night Bright Angels Sing.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Moderato.

1. All this night bright angels sing; Nev-er was such car - ol-ing, Hark! a voice which

loud - ly cries, "Mortals, mor-tals, wake and rise. Lo! to glad-ness Turns your.

sad - ness: From the earth is ris'n a Sun Shines all night tho' day be done."

2 Wake, O earth, wake everything,
Wake and hear the joy I bring:
Wake and joy, for all this night
Heaven and every twinkling light,
All amazing,
Still stand gazing,
Angels, powers, and all that be,
Wake, and joy this Sun to see.

3 Hail! O Sun, O blessed Light,
Sent into this world by night;
Let Thy rays and heavenly powers
Shine in these dark souls of ours,
For most duly
Thou art truly
God and man, we do confess;
Hail, O Sun of righteousness!

26

See Amid the Winter's Snow.

Sir JOHN GOSS.

SOLO. (Treble or Tenor alternately.)

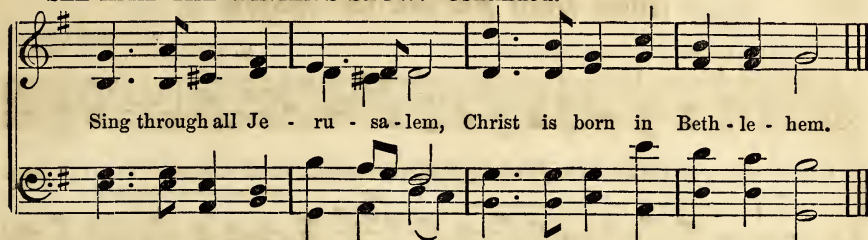
1. See a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on earth below,

See the ten - der Lamb ap - pears, Prom - ised from e - ter - nal years.

CHORUS. *ff*

Hail! thou ev - er - bless - ed morn! Hail! re - demp - tion's hap - py dawn!

SEE AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW.—Continued.

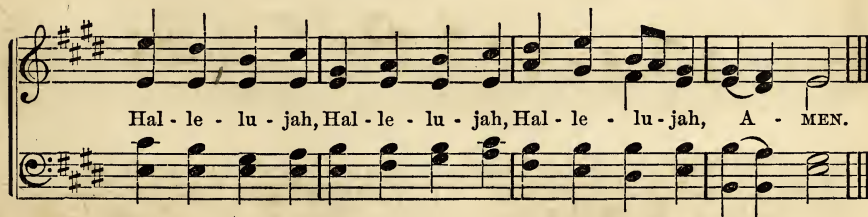
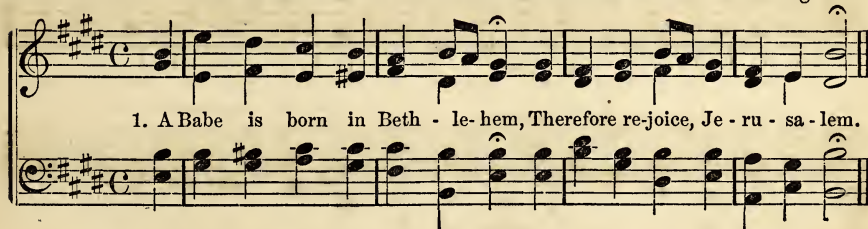


- 2 Lo! within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies,
He who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the cherubim.—CHO.
- 3 Say, ye holy Shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?—CHO.
- 4 "As we watched at dead of night,
Lo! we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing 'Peace on earth!'
Told us of the Saviour's birth."—CHO.
- 5 Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!—CHO.

27

A Babe is Born in Bethlehem.

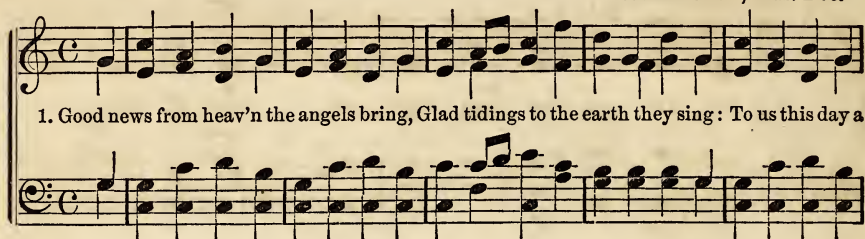
Old English.



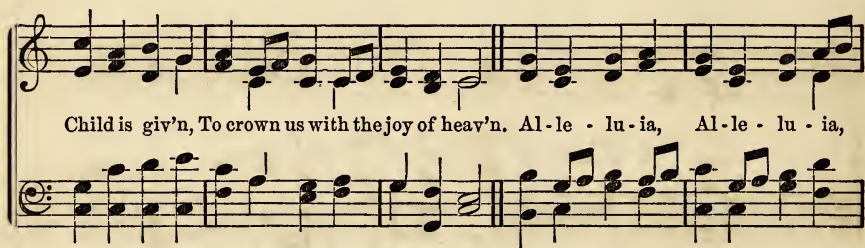
- 2 Within a manger He doth lie
Whose throne is set above the sky.
Hallelujah, etc.
- 3 Stillness was all the manger round,
The creature its Creator found.
- 4 Our human flesh He enters in,
But bears no single taint of sin.
- 5 To fallen man Himself He bowed,
That He might lift us up to God.
- 6 On this most blessed jubilee
All glory be, O God, to Thee.
- 7 O holy Three, we Thee adore,
This day, henceforth, for evermore.
Hallelujah, etc. AMEN.

28 *Good News from Heaven the Angels Bring.*

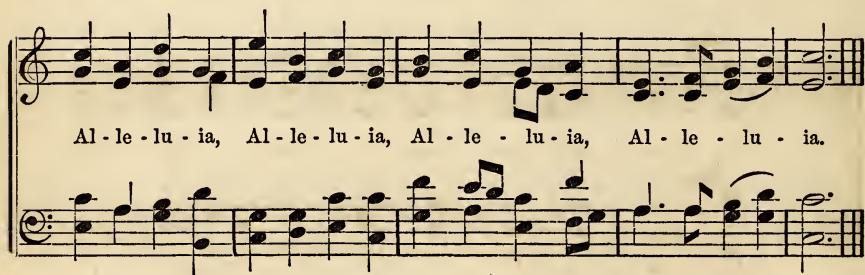
C. STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.



1. Good news from heav'n the angels bring, Glad tidings to the earth they sing : To us this day a



Child is giv'n, To crown us with the joy of heav'n. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,



Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

2 This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need shall aid afford ;
He will Himself our Saviour be,
From all our sins to set us free.

3 All hail, Thou noble Guest, this morn,
Whose love did not the sinner scorn ;
In my distress Thou comest to me :
What thanks shall I return to Thee ?

4 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,

She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

5 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

6 Praise God upon His heavenly throne,
Who gave to us His only Son ;
For this His hosts, on joyful wing,
A blest New Year of mercy sing.

29

For Thy Mercy and Thy Grace.

HORTON. 7s.

SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.

1. For Thy mer - cy and Thy grace, Faith - ful through an -

oth - er year, Hear our song of thank - ful - ness,

Fa - ther and Re - deem - er, hear. A - MEN.

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength! be Thou our
stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, oh help us to endure,
Fit us for Thy promised crown.

5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords and King of kings.

AMEN.

Henry Downton, 1843.

30 Great God! We Sing that Mighty Hand.

MENDON. L. M.

GERMAN.

1. Great God! we sing that might - y Hand By which sup - port - ed

still we stand: The opening year Thy mer - cy shows;

Let mer - cy crown it till it close. A - MEN.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our soul shall boast.
AMEN.

31

Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

HOLY DAYS. 7s & 6s. D.

F. WEBER.

1. Hail to the Lord's a - noint-ed, Great Da - vid's great-er Son! }
See in the time ap - point-ed His reign on earth be - gun! }

He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,

To take a - way trans-gres - sion, To rule in eq - ui - ty. A - MEN.

2 Before Him on the mountains
Shall Peace, the herald, go,
And from a thousand fountains
Shall grace unceasing flow;
Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing.

3 To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end.
O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest. AMEN.

James Montgomery, 1822.

32

As with Gladness Men of Old.

DIX. 7s.

CONRAD KOCKER.

1. As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold, As with joy they

hailed its light, Leading on-ward, beaming bright, So, most gra-cious

Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-MEN.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesu, every day
Keep us in the narrow way,
And when earthly things are past
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light,
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. AMEN.

W. C. Dix, 1860.

33 *Jesus shall Reign where'er the Sun.*

MEDWAY. L. M.

PERGOLESI.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - cess - ive

jour - neys run; His king - dom stretch from shore to shore,

Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A - MEN.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

AMEN.
Isaac Watts.

34 *Christ, whose Glory fills the Skies.*

DAY-SPRING. 7s.

PRUSSIAN AIR.

1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,

Sun of right - eous-ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night;

Day-spring from on high, draw near; Day-star, in our hearts ap-pear. A-MEN.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee,
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams we see;
Lord, Thy inward light impart,
Cheering each benighted heart.

3 Visit every soul of Thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill with radiancy divine,
Scatter all our unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. AMEN.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

35 Love Divine, all Loves Excelling.

OTTO. 8s & 7s.

1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven to earth come down, }
 Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mercies crown: }

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure un - bound - ed love Thou art;

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev' - ry trembling heart. A - MEN.

- 2 Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast,
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find the promised rest;
 Take away our power of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy life receive,
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave;

- Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
 Pure and sinless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation
 Perfectly restored in Thee,
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.,

AMEN.

Charles Wesley, 1746.

36

*We Three Kings of Orient are.**SOLL.*

1. We three kings of O-ri-ent are; Bear-ing gifts, we traverse a - far.

Field and foun-tain, moor and mountain, Following yon-der Star.

CHORUS.

O Star of wonder, Star of night, Star with roy-al beau-ty bright,

West-ward lead-ing, Still pro-ceed-ing, Guide us to Thy per-fect light.

2 Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again;
King for ever,
Ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.

O Star, etc.

3 Frankincense to offer have I—
Incense owns a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship Him, God on high.

O Star, etc.

4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

O Star, etc.

5 Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice;
Heaven sings
"Hallelujah!"
"Hallelujah!" the earth replies.

O Star, etc.

37

O Jesus, God and Man.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O Je - sus, God and Man, On this Thy ho - ly day

To Thee for pre - cious gifts of grace Thy ransomed peo - ple pray. A - MEN.

2 We pray for childlike hearts,
For gentle, holy love,
For strength to do Thy will below
As angels do above.

3 We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore
With all Thy blessed saints.

4 On friends around us here
Oh let Thy blessing fall;
We pray for grace to love them well,
But Thee beyond them all.

5 Oh joy to live for Thee!
Oh joy in Thee to die!
Oh very joy of joys to see
Thy face eternally! AMEN!

Sir Henry W. Baker, 1852.

38

Alleluia, Songs of Sweetness.

REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s.

HENRY SMART.

1. Al - le - lu - ia, songs of sweetness, Voice of joy that can - not die,

Al - le - lu - ia is the anthem Ev - er dear to choirs on high;

In the house of God a - bid - ing, Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly. A-MEN.

2 Alleluia, thou resoundest
 True Jerusalem and free;
 Alleluia, joyful mother,
 All thy children sing with thee;
 But by Babylon's sad waters
 Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
 Be our song while here below;
 Alleluia, our transgressions
 Make us for a while forego;

For the solemn time is coming
 When our tears for sin must flow.
 4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
 Grant us, blessed Trinity,
 At the last to keep Thine Easter
 In our home beyond the sky,
 There to Thee for ever singing
 Alleluia joyfully. AMEN.

Adam St. Victor.

Trans. by J. M. Neale. Altered.

39 *Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning.*

WESLEY. 11s & 10s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our

dark - ness and lend us Thine aid; Star of the east, the ho-

ri - zon a - dorning, Guide where our in - fant Redeem - er is laid. A - MEN.

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are
shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of
the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of
all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly de-
votion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of
the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from
the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor
secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the
poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the
morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us
Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid.

AMEN.

Reginald Heber, 1411.

40

The Star in the East.

Rev. W. H. COOKE.

1. In the win-try hea - ven Shines a wondrous star, In the East the

wise men Watch it from a - far, Ask-ing, "What this lus - tre,

So un-earth-ly bright?" Answering, "Christ in glory Comes to earth to-night."

2 O'er the dusty highways,
O'er the deserts drear,
From the East, the wise men
Watch it shining clear,
Asking, "Shall we follow
In this starlit way?"
Answering, "Yes, 'twill lead us
To the perfect day."

3 In a lowly manger
Lies an Infant weak:
Is it He whom wise men
Come so far to seek?

Asking, "Where the Monarch?
Where Judæa's King?"
Saying, "Gifts and worship
To His throne we bring."

4 In our hearts we children
See this star once more—
Not as wise men saw it
In the days of yore—
Asking, "May we bring Him
Childish love to-day?"
Answering, "Come, dear children;
Jesus says we may."

41

Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

L. B. MARSH.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }

{ Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, } Safe in - to the
{ Till the storm of life is past; }

ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last. A - MEN.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want—
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;

Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. AMEN.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

42

My Sins, my Sins, my Saviour!

AURELIA. 7s & 6s.

Dr. S. S. WESLEY.

1. My sins, my sins, my Sa - viour! They take such hold on me

The first system of the hymn is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/2 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/2. The first line of music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second line of music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

I am not a - ble to look up, Save on - ly, Christ, to Thee:

The second system of the hymn continues the melody and accompaniment. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/2. The first line of music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second line of music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

In Thee is all for - give-ness, In Thee a - bun - dant grace,

The third system of the hymn continues the melody and accompaniment. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/2. The first line of music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second line of music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

My shad-ow and my sun-shine The brightness of Thy face. A-MEN.

The fourth system of the hymn concludes the melody and accompaniment. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/2. The first line of music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second line of music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

- 2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
How sad on Thee they fall!
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all.
I know they are forgiven,
But still their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.
- 3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till with Thee in the desert
I near Thy passion drew,

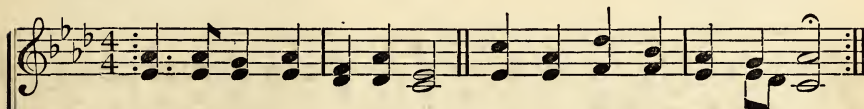
- Till with Thee in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.
- 4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below—
Thy goodness and Thy favor,
Whose presence from above
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee, and love. AMEN.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863.

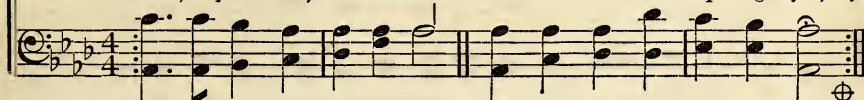
43 Saviour, when in Dust to Thee.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D.

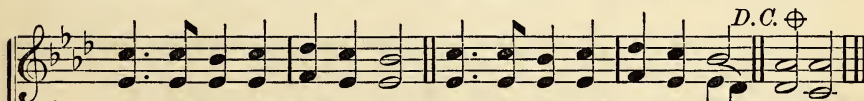
SPANISH MELODY.



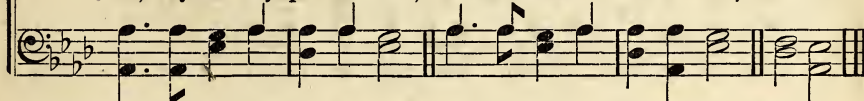
1. Sa - viour, when in dust to Thee Low we bend th'a - dor - ing knee, }
When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes, - }



D.C. Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn Lit - a - ny.



Oh, by all Thy pains and woe, Suffered once for man be - low, A-MEN.



- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread, mysterious hour
Of th' insulting tempter's power,—
Turn, oh turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany.
- 3 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn,

- By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany.
- 4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,—
Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany. AMEN.

Robert Grant, 1815.

44

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee, E'en though it be a cross

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A - MEN.

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let my way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. AMEN.

Sarah L. Adams, 1848.

45

Second Tune.

KEDRON. 6s & 4s.

A. B. SPRATT.

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en though it

mf *cres.*

Ped.

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,

dim. *f*

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A - MEN.

dim. *pp*

46

Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

TOPLADY. 7s. 6 lines.

THEO. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D.C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed, A - MEN.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;

Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. AMEN.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

47

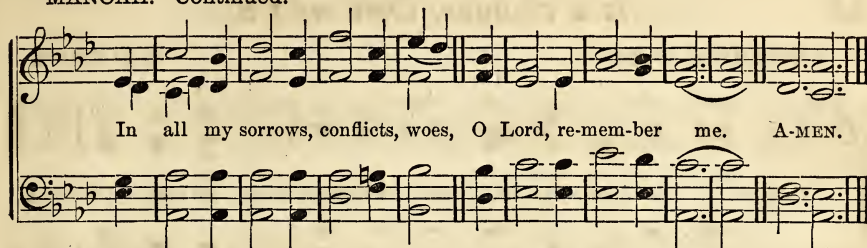
O Thou from whom all Goodness flows.

MANOAH. C. M.

From G. ROSSINI.

1. O Thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;

MANOAH.—Continued.



In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, O Lord, re-mem-ber me. A-MEN.

2 When, with a broken, contrite heart,
I lift mine eyes to Thee,
Thy name proclaim, Thyself impart,
In love remember me.

3 In sore temptations, when no way
To shun the ill I see,

My strength proportion to my day,
And then remember me.

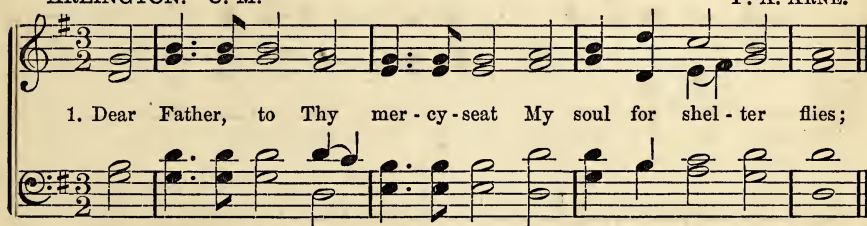
4 And when I tread the vale of death,
And bow at Thy decree,
Then, Saviour, with my latest breath
I'll cry, "Remember me." AMEN.

Thomas Haweis, 1792.

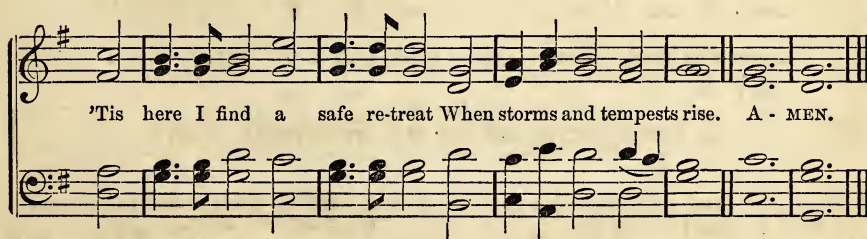
48 *Dear Father, to Thy Mercy-seat.*

ARLINGTON. C. M.

F. A. ARNE.



1. Dear Father, to Thy mer-cy-seat My soul for shel-ter flies;



'Tis here I find a safe re-treat When storms and tempests rise. A - MEN.

2 My cheerful hope can never die
If Thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;

Oh, let Thy kind, Thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart!

4 Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust Thy power and love,
And dwell beneath Thy feet. AMEN.

Anne Steele.

49 *There is a Fountain filled with Blood.*

WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins,

And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood, And sin - ners plunged be -

neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. A - MEN.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
||: And there have I, as vile as he, :||
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
||: Till all the ransomed Church of God :||
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
||: Redeeming love has been my theme, :||
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save
||: When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
tongue :||
Lies silent in the grave. AMEN.
William Cowper, 1779.

50

Just as I am, Without one Plea.

ST. CRISPIN. 8s.

Sir G. F. ELVEY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was

shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,

O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - MEN.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind—

Yea, all I need—in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine—yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

AMEN.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

51

Lord, in this Thy Mercy's Day.

ST. PHILIP. 7s. 3 lines.

W. H. MONK.

1. Lord, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere the time shall

pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray. A - MEN.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,—
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardoned 'round Thy throne.

AMEN.

Rev. I. Williams, 1841.

52

Not all the Blood of Beasts.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

I. WILLIAMS.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain Could

ST. THOMAS.—Continued.

give the guilt - y con-science peace, Or wash a - way the stain. A - MEN.

2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A Sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear

When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love. AMEN.
Isaac Watts, 1709.

53 *Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing.*

ST. AUGUSTINE. 8s & 7s.

BACH. (Arr. A. N.)

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be - fore the cross I spend,

Life and health and peace possessing From the sinner's dying Friend. A - MEN.

2 Truly blessed is the station
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;

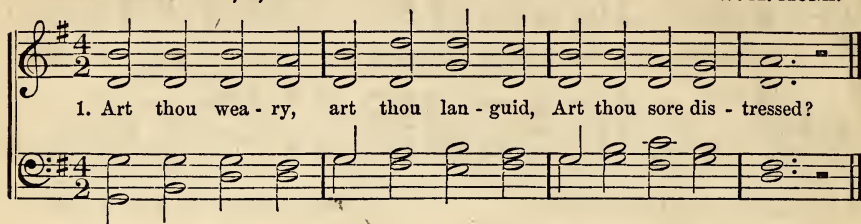
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death. AMEN.
James Allen, 1757. Altered by Walter Shirley, 1776.

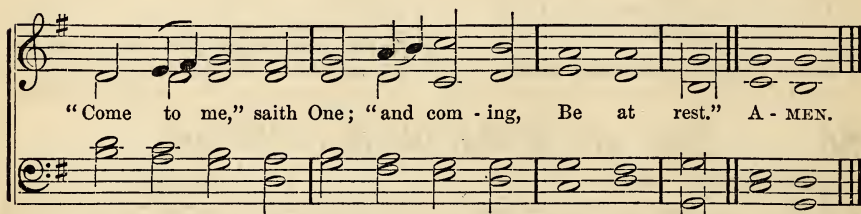
54 *Art thou Weary, art thou Languid?*

STEPHANOS. 8s, 5, & 3.

W. H. MONK.



1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tressed?



"Come to me," saith One; "and com - ing, Be at rest." A - MEN.

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-
prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes." AMEN.

St. Stephen the Sabaites, 775. Trans. by Neale.

55 *Jesus, my Shepherd, let me Share.*

GRACE CHURCH. L. M.

L. PLEYEL.



1. Je-sus, my Shepherd, let me share Thy guiding hand, Thy ten-der care;

GRACE CHURCH.—Continued.

And let me ev - er find in Thee A refuge and a rest for me. A - MEN.

- 2 Oh lead me ever by Thy side
Where fields are green and waters glide,
And be Thou still, where'er I be,
A refuge and a rest for me.
- 3 While I this barren desert tread,
Feed Thou my soul on heavenly bread;

'Mid foes and fears Thee may I see,
A refuge and a rest for me.

- 4 When death shall end this mortal strife,
Bring me through death to endless life;
Then, face to face beholding Thee,
My refuge and my rest shall be. AMEN.

56 *Thou who on that Wondrous Journey.*

INVITATION. 8s & 5s.

From Catholic Hymns.

1. Thou who on that wondrous jour - ney Sett'st Thy face to die,

By Thy ho - ly meek ex - am - ple Teach us char-i - ty. A - MEN.

- 2 Thou who that dread cup of suffering
Didst not put from Thee,
O most loving of the loving,
Give us charity.
- 3 Thou who reignest, bright in glory,
On God's throne on high,

Oh, that we may share Thy triumph,
Grant us charity.

- 4 Send us faith that trusts Thy promise,
Hope with upward eye,
But, more blest than both, and greater,
Send us charity. AMEN.

Henry Alford, 1866.

57 *We Sing the Praise of Him who Died.*

MELCOMBE. L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died up-

on the cross; The sin - ner's Hope let men de - ride:

For this we count the world but loss. A - MEN.

- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, "God is love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up,
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight,

- It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.
- 6 To Christ, who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race,
For ever and for evermore. AMEN.

Thomas Kelly, 1815.

58

My Faith Looks up to Thee.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sa-viour di-vine;

Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a-way;

Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine. A-MEN.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;

Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul. AMEN.

Ray Palmer.

59

Jesus, to Thy Cross I Hasten.

OSGOOD. 8s, 7s, & 4.

1. Je - sus, to Thy cross I hast-en, In all wear - i - ness my home; }
 Let Thy dy-ing love come o'er me— Light and cov - ert in the gloom: }

Sa - viour, hide me, Sa - viour, hide me, Till the hour of

gloom is o'er, Till the hour of gloom is o'er. A - MEN.

2 When life's tempests dark are rolling
 Fearful shadows o'er my way,
 Let firm faith in Thee sustain me,
 Every rising fear allay;
 Hide, oh hide me,
 Hide me till the storm is o'er.

3 When stern death at last shall lead me
 Through the dark and lonely vale,
 Let Thy hope uphold and cheer me,
 Though my flesh and heart should fail;
 Safely hide me
 With Thyself for evermore. AMEN.

60

I Lay my Sins on Jesus.

MIRIAM. 7s & 6s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;

He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load;
D.S. White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim-son stains A - MEN.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus:
All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem;
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares:
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

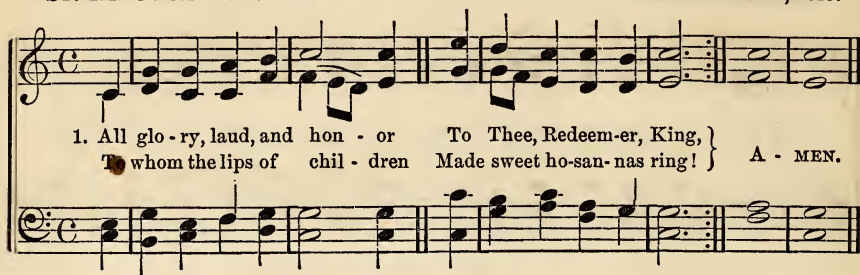
3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child;
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song. AMEN.
H. Bonar.

61

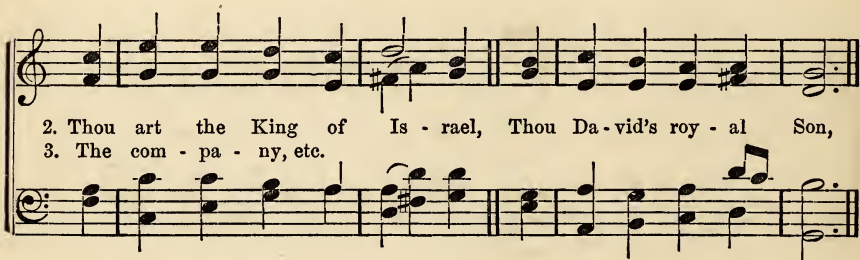
All Glory, Laud, and Honor.

ST. THEODULPH. 7s & 6s.

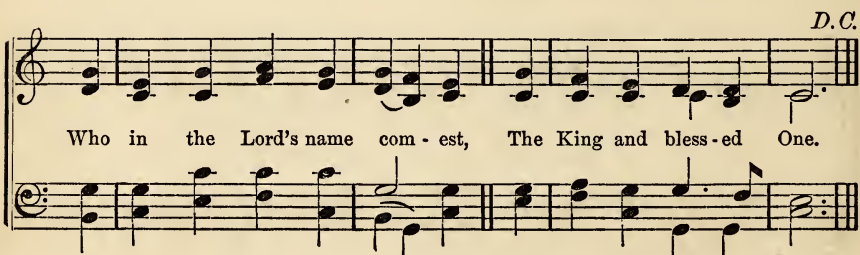
M. TESCHNER, 1613.



1. All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Redeem - er, King, }
 To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho-san - nas ring! } A - MEN.



2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
 3. The com - pa - ny, etc.



Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One. D.C.

3 The company of angels
 Are praising Thee on high,
 And mortal men, and all things
 Created, make reply. All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
 With palms before Thee went;
 Our praise and prayer and anthems
 Before Thee we present. All glory, etc.

5 To Thee, before Thy passion,
 They sang their hymns of praise;
 To Thee, now high-exalted,
 Our melody we raise. All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
 Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.
 All glory, etc. AMEN.
Trans. by Jno. M. Neale, 1856.

62

When, His Salvation Bringing.

MEHUL. 7s & 6s.

From MEHUL.

1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Si - on Je - sus came, }
 The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His name; }

D.C. He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.

Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long, *D.C.*

CHORUS for each verse.

Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to Je - sus they sang. A - MEN.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
 His love to children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth
 On Sion's heavenly hill,
 We'll flock around His banner
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And cry aloud, "Hosanna
 To David's royal Son!"
 Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Might well hosannahs raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No! while our hearts are tender,
 They too shall be the Lord's.
 Hosanna to Jesus our King. AMEN.
J. King.

63 *Hosanna! Raise the Pealing Hymn.*

ST. PETER. C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

1. Ho - san - na! Raise the peal - ing hymn To Da - vid's Son and Lord;

With cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Ex - alt th' incarnate Word. A - MEN.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest!
How vast Thy gifts! how free!
Thy blood our life, Thy word our feast,
Thy name our only plea.</p> <p>3 Hosanna, Master! Lo, we bring
Our off'rings to Thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.</p> | <p>4 Hosanna! Once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.</p> <p>5 O Saviour! if, redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold. AMEN.</p> |
|--|--|

Wm. H. Havergal, 1833.

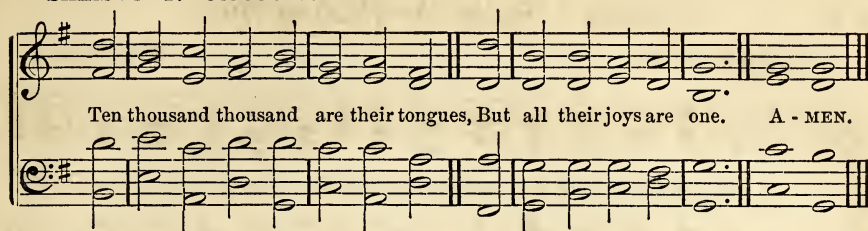
64 *Come, let us Join our Cheerful Songs.*

SALISBURY. C. M.

From RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalter*.

1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne;

SALISBURY.—Continued.



2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they
cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us!"

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine,

And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

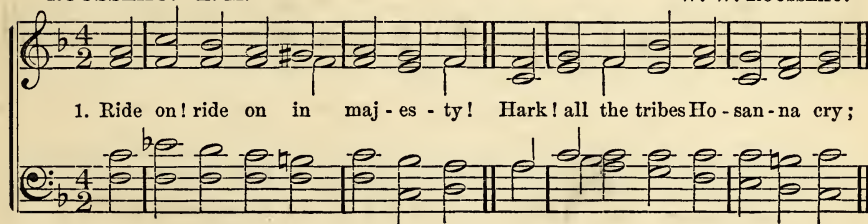
4 Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

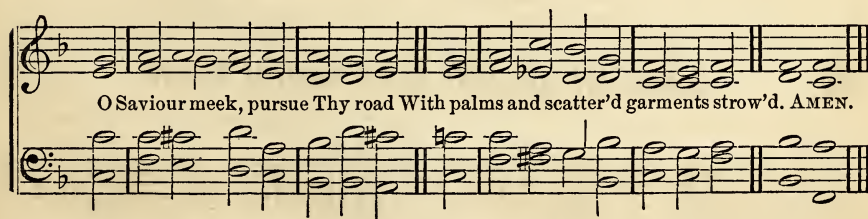
65 Ride on! Ride on in Majesty!

ROUSSEAU. L. M.

W. W. ROUSSEAU.



1. Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho-san-na cry;



O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd. AMEN.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign.
AMEN.

Henry H. Mûlman, 1827.

66

Behold the Sin-Atoning Lamb.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Be - hold the sin - a - ton - ing Lamb With wonder, grat - i -

tude and love; To take a - way our guilt and shame

See Him de - scend - ing from a - bove. A - MEN.

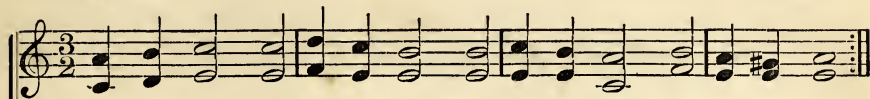
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Our sins and griefs on Him were laid:
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price He fully paid
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.</p> | <p>4 Pardon and peace through Him abound,
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in His name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.</p> |
| <p>3 To save a guilty world He dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To Him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in His name.</p> | <p>5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to Thee:
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.
AMEN.</p> |

67

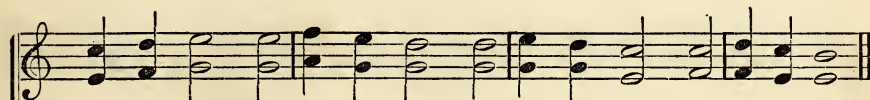
Now, my Soul, Thy Voice Upraising.

SANTOLIUS. 8s & 7s. D.

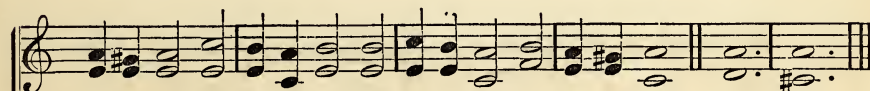
German.



1. Now, my soul, thy voice up - rais - ing, Tell in sweet and mournful strain }
How the Cru - ci - fied, en - dur - ing Grief and wounds and dy - ing pain, }



Free - ly of His love was of - fered, Sin - less was for sin - ners slain,



Free - ly of His love was of - fered, Sinless was for sin - ners slain. A - MEN.

2 See! His hands and feet are fastened :
So He makes His people free ;
Not a wound whence blood is flowing
But a fount of grace shall be ;
||: Yea, the very nails which nail Him
Nail us also to the tree. :||

3 Through His heart the spear is piercing ;
Though His foes have seen Him die,
Blood and water thence are streaming
In a tide of mystery—

||: Water from our guilt to cleanse us,
Blood to win us crowns on high. :||

4 Jesus, may those precious fountains
Drink to thirsting souls afford ;
Let them be our cup and healing,
And at length our full reward ;
||: So a ransomed world shall ever
Praise Thee, its redeeming Lord. :||
AMEN.

68

O Sacred Head now Wounded.

BACH. 7s & 6s. "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden."

Arr. by H. S.

1. O Sa - cred Head now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down; }
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns Thy on - ly crown; }

O Sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now, was Thine!

Yet, tho' despised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine. A-MEN.

- 2 O noblest brow and dearest—
In other days the world
All feared when Thou appearedst—
What shame on Thee is hurled!
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!
- 3 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

- Lo! here I fall, my Saviour:
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
- 4 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When, in Thy body broken,
I thus with safety hide.
Lord of my life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside Thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

5 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love for Thee.

6 Be near me when I'm dying,
Oh show Thy cross to me;
And to my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move,
For he who dies believing
Dies safely through Thy love. AMEN.
Paul Gerhart, 1656.

69

Glory be to Jesus.

CASNELL. 6s & 5s.

W. H. MONK.

1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who, in bit - ter pains,

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Glory be to Jesus'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 4/2. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a half note A4, then a half note B-flat4, and a half note C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. The lyrics '1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who, in bit - ter pains,' are written below the treble staff.

Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins! A - MEN.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff continues with a half note D5, then a half note E5, and a half note F5. The bass staff continues with chords. The lyrics 'Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins! A - MEN.' are written below the treble staff.

2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem.

4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies,
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

5 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion,
Terror-struck, departs.

6 Oft as earth, exulting,
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.

7 Lift ye, then, your voices,
Swell the mighty flood,
And with saints and angels
Praise the precious blood. AMEN.
Italian Hymn. Trans. E. Caswall, 1849.

70

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Dr. MILLER.

1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of

glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I count but loss,

And pour con - tempt on all my pride. A - MEN.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me
most,
I sacrifice them to Thy blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His
feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?

4 Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

71

For ever Here my Rest shall be.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

Dr. DYKES.

1. For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy

wound - ed side; This all my hope and all my plea -

For me the Sa - viour died. A - MEN.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine
own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;

Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love. AMEN.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

72

The Lord of Life is Risen.

RESURRECTION. 7s & 6s. D.

A. NEVIN.

1. The Lord of life is ris - en; Sing, East - er her - alds, sing!

The first system of music is in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, starting on a half note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, and ending with a half note D5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

He bursts His rock - y pris - on; Wide let the tri - umph ring.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff melody continues with quarter notes E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, and ends with a half note D5. The bass staff continues with harmonic support.

In death no long - er ly - ing, He rose, the Prince, to - day;

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff melody continues with quarter notes E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, and ends with a half note D5. The bass staff continues with harmonic support.

Life of the dead and dy - ing, He triumphed o'er de - cay. A - MEN.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The treble staff melody continues with quarter notes E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, and ends with a half note D5. The bass staff continues with harmonic support, ending with a double bar line.

2 The Lord of life is risen,
And love no longer grieves;
In ruin lies death's prison;
Sing, heralds! Jesus lives.
We hear Thy blessed greeting,
Salvation's work is done;
We worship Thee, repeating,
"Life for the dead is won."

3 Around Thy tomb, O Jesus,
How sweet the Easter breath!
Hear we not in the breezes,
"Where is thy sting, O Death?"
Dark hell flies in commotion,
The heavens their anthems sing,
While far o'er earth and ocean
Glad hallelujahs ring.

4 Oh publish this salvation,
Ye heralds, through the earth;
To every buried nation
Proclaim the day of birth,
Till, rising from their slumbers
In long and ancient night,
The countless heathen numbers
Shall hail the Easter light.

5 Hail! hail! our Jesus risen!
Sing, ransomed brethren, sing!
Through death's dark, gloomy prison
Let Easter chorals ring.
Haste, haste, ye captive legions,
Accept your glad reprieve;
Come forth from sin's dark regions,
In Jesus' kingdom live. AMEN.

F. J. P. Lange, 1851. Trans. by H. Harbaugh.

73 The Lord is Risen Indeed.

OLNEY. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. "The Lord is risen in - deed;" The grave hath lost its prey; With

Him shall rise the ran - somed seed To reign in end - less day. A - MEN.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed;"
He lives, to die no more;
He lives His people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed;"
Attending angels, hear;

Up to the courts of heaven with speed
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright, celestial choirs
To sing our risen Lord. AMEN.

Kelly.

74

Yes, the Redeemer Rose.

HARWICH. H. M.

1. Yes, the Re-deem-er rose, The Sa-viour left the dead, And
o'er our hellish foes High raised His conquering head: In wild dis-may the
guards a-round Fall to the ground and sink a-way. A-MEN.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands
And worship at His feet;
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead; He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell,

And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported, cry, "Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead, no more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with Thy blood;
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God;
With Thee we rise, with Thee we
reign,
And empires gain beyond the skies.

AMEN.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

75

The Day of Resurrection.

SALVATORI. 7s & 6s.

HAYDN.

1. The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad! }
 The Pass - ov - er of glad - ness, The Pass - ov - er of God! }

D.C. Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry.

From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un-to the sky, A - MEN.

2 Our hearts, be pure from evil
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection light,
 And listening to His accents
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
 May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
 Let earth her song begin,
 Let all the world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein;
 In grateful exultation
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our Joy that hath no end. AMEN.

St. John Damascene. Trans. Dr. Doddridge, 1780.

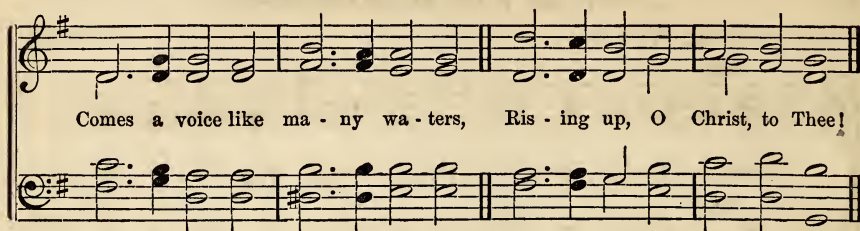
76

Alleluia! Alleluia!

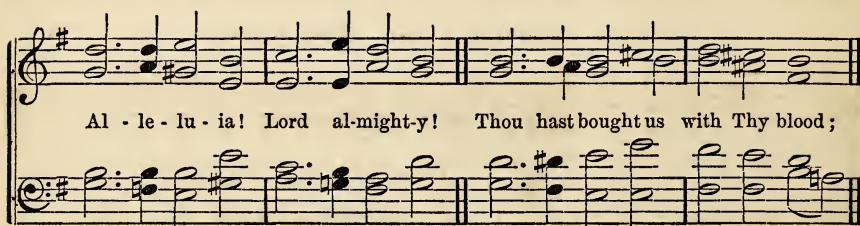
Rev. GERARD COBB.

1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Float - ing o'er the crys - tal sea,

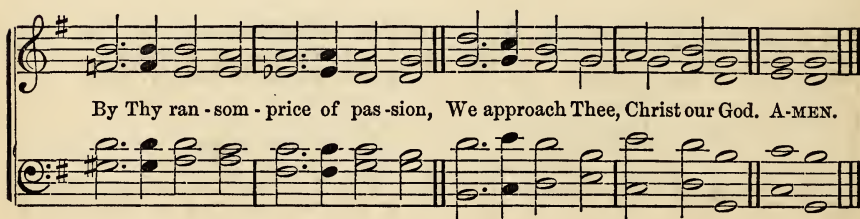
ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!—Continued.



Comes a voice like ma - ny wa - ters, Ris - ing up, O Christ, to Thee!



Al - le - lu - ia! Lord al-might-y! Thou hast bought us with Thy blood;



By Thy ran - som - price of pas-sion, We approach Thee, Christ our God. A-MEN.

2 Alleluia! Alleluia!

From the sons of Adam rise
Sounds of resurrection triumph,
Upward to the Easter skies;
Alleluia, well beloved,
We receive Thee, Jesu Christ;
Earth's ten thousand voices thunder
One united Eucharist.

3 Alleluia! Alleluia!

Welcome, Child of Mary's womb;
Thou hast triumphed, God incarnate,
O'er the dungeon of the tomb;

Alleluia! hell's battalions

In the light of Easter morn
Know their brazen portals broken
By our Prince, the Virgin-born.

4 Alleluia! Alleluia!

Lamb of God, enthronèd Priest;
Christ our Passover is offered,
Therefore let us keep the feast;
Alleluia! Christ is risen!
Earth and heaven together sing;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Christ our King. AMEN.

77

Christ the Lord is Risen to-day.

Dr. IONS.

1. Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say;

Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, re - ply.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah. A - MEN.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! He sets in blood no more.
Hallelujah, etc.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.
Hallelujah, etc.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O grave?
Hallelujah, etc.

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
Hallelujah, etc. AMEN.

78

Come, ye Faithful.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Come, ye faithful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad-ness;

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

God hath brought His Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness;

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Loosed from Pharaoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh-ters;

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Led them with unmoistened foot Through the Red Sea wa-ters. A - MEN.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The music ends with a double bar line.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
 Christ hath burst His prison,
 And from three days' sleep in death
 As a Sun hath risen;
 All the winter of our sins,
 Long and dark, is flying
 From His light to whom we give
 Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
 With the day of splendor,
 With the royal feast of feasts,
 Comes its joy to render—

Comes to glad Jerusalem,
 Who with true affection
 Welcomes in unwearied strains
 Jesus' resurrection.

4 Alleluia! now we cry
 To our King immortal,
 Who triumphant burst the bars
 Of the tomb's dark portal;
 Alleluia with the Son
 God the Father praising;
 Alleluia yet again
 To the Spirit raising. AMEN.

79

Jesus Christ is Risen to-day.

WORGAN. 7s.

CAREY, 1743.

1. Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, Al - - - le -

lu - ia! Our tri - umph - ant, ho - ly day,

Al - - - le - - lu - ia! Who did once up - on the cross,

WORGAN.—Continued.

Al - - - le - lu - ia! Suf - fer to re - deem our loss,

Al - - - - - le - - lu - ia! A - MEN.

2 Hymns of praise, then, let us sing
 Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
 Who endured the cross and grave
 Sinners to redeem and save.
 Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured
 Our salvation have procured;
 Now above the sky He's King,
 Where the angels ever sing
 Alleluia! AMEN.

80

The World itself keeps Easter Day.

Unison or Parts.
mf Animato.

Music by GEO. WM. WARREN.

1. The world it- self keeps Easter day, And Easter larks are singing, And Easter flow'rs are

THE WORLD ITSELF KEEPS EASTER DAY.—Continued.

blooming gay, And Easter buds are springing. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah!

ff

Organ. The Lord of all things lives a - new, And all His works are

ris - ing too. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah!

ff

- 2 There stood three Marys by the tomb
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarcely chased the
gloom,
And dew was white and pearly.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
With loving but with erring mind
They came the Prince of life to find.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!

- 3 But earlier still the angel sped,
His news of comfort giving, [dead
And "Why," he said, "among the
Thus seek ye for the living?"
Hallelujah! hallelujah!

"Go tell them all, and make them
blest;
Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Hallelujah! hallelujah!

- 4 The world itself keeps Easter day,
And Easter larks are singing,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!

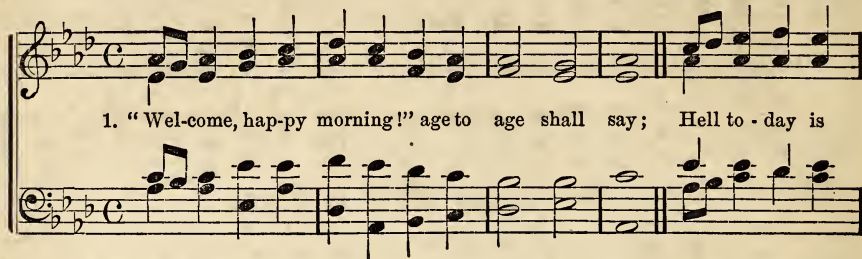
*The Lord hath risen, as all things tell;
Good Christians, see ye rise as well.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!

* Sing these last two lines slower, with a pause at
the end of each.

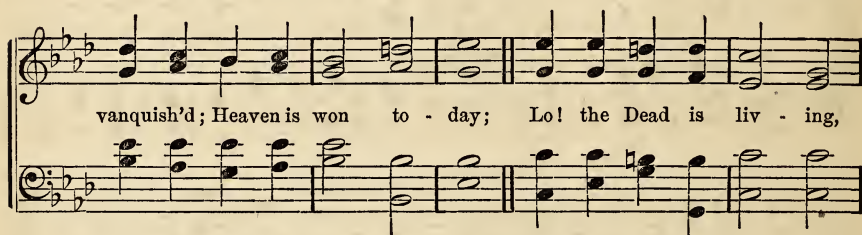
81

Welcome, Happy Morning.

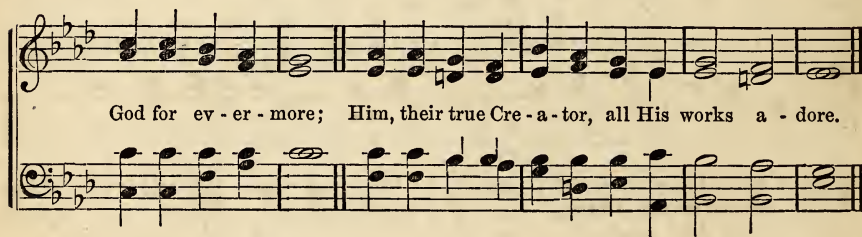
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



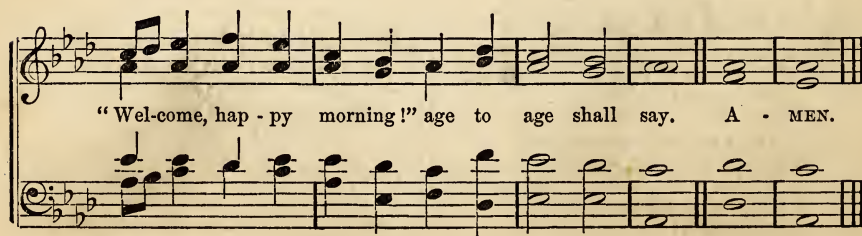
1. "Wel-come, hap-py morning!" age to age shall say; Hell to-day is



vanquish'd; Heaven is won to-day; Lo! the Dead is liv-ing,



God for ev-er-more; Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore.



"Wel-come, hap-py morning!" age to age shall say. A-MEN.

2 Months in due succession, days of
lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments, praise
Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and
fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their
praise to Thee.
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to
age shall say.

3 Thou, of life the Author, death didst
undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving
strength to show;
Come, then, true and faithful, now
fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning; rise,
O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to
age shall say. AMEN.

82

The Happy Morn is Come.

ANON.

1. The hap-py morn is come; Triumphant o'er the grave, The Saviour leaves the tomb,

Om - nip - o - tent to save. Cap - tiv - i - ty is cap - tive led, For

Je - sus liv - eth, that was dead, For Je - sus liv - eth, that was dead.

2 Christ hath the ransom paid,
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won.
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

3 Hail, the triumphant Lord,
The resurrection Thou!
Hail, the incarnate Word!
Before Thy throne we bow.
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

83

The Strife is O'er, the Battle Done.

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic-to - ry of life is won;

The song of tri-umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!

CHORUS to last verse.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. A - MEN.

Organ.

2 The powers of death have done their
worst,
But Christ their legions hath dis-
persed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals
fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded
Thee,
From Death's dread sting Thy servants
free,
That we may live and sing to Thee
Alleluia! AMEN.

84

Our Lord hath Arisen.

1. Our Lord hath a - ris - en; The tempt - er is foiled, His le - gions are

scat - tered, His strongholds are spoiled. Oh sing Hal - le - lu - jah! Oh

sing Hal - le - lu - jah! Oh sing Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ Jesus is King.

2 O Death, we defy thee;
A stronger than thou
Hath entered thy palace;
We fear thee not now.
Oh sing, etc.

3 O Sin, thou art vanquished,
Thy long reign is o'er;
7

Though still thou dost vex us,
We dread thee no more.
Oh sing, etc.

4 Our Lord hath arisen,
Day breaketh at last;
The long night of weeping
Is now wellnigh past.
Oh sing, etc.

85

Crown Him with many Crowns.

DIADEMATA. S. M. D.

Dr. G. J. ELVEY.

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;

Hark how the heaven-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!

With His most pre - cious blood From sin He set us free

We hail Him as our matchless King Through all eter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

2 Crown Him, the Virgin's Son,
The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His brow adorn;
Fruit of the mystic rose,
As of that rose the Stem,
The Root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3 Crown Him the Lord of love,
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified;

No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
One with the Spirit through Him given
From yonder glorious throne.
To Thee be endless praise,
For Thou for us hast died;
Be Thou, O Lord, through endless days
Adored and magnified. AMEN.

Matthew Bridges.

86 The Golden Gates are Lifted up.

HERMANN. C. M.

N. HERMANN.

1. The gold-en gates are lift-ed up, The doors are o-pened wide,

The King of glo-ry is gone in Un-to His Father's side. A-MEN.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on Thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we tarry here below
Our treasure be in heaven;

5 That where Thou art, at God's right
hand,
Our hope, our love, may be;
Dwell Thou in us that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee. AMEN.

C. F. Alexander. Altered.

87 *Hail the Day that Sees Him Rise.*

HENDON. 7s.

C. MALAN.

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Rav - ished from our

wish - ful eyes; Christ, a while to mor - tals given, Re - as - cends His

na - tive heaven, Re - as - cends His na - tive heaven. A - MEN.

- 2 There the pompous triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in.
- 3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
- 4 See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love;

- Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.
- 5 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent, He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
- 6 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in Thee.

AMEN.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

88

Our Lord is Risen from the Dead.

KELKER. L. M.

FRED. LUCCHESI.

1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus

is gone up on high; The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive

led, Dragged to the port - als of the sky. A - MEN.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as His right:
Receive the King of glory in.

4 Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,

The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

6 Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord, of boundless power pos-
sessed,
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all, for ever blessed. AMEN.

Rev. C. Wesley.

89

Christ, above all Glory Seated.

ASCENSION. 8s & 7s.

German.

1. Christ, a - bove all glo - ry seat - ed, King tri -

umph - ant, strong to save, Dy - ing, Thou hast death de -

feat - ed, Bur - ied, Thou hast spoiled the grave. A - MEN.

- 2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal sight could gain,
On th' eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's power to reign.
- 3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below,
While the depths of hell before Thee,
Trembling and amazed, bow.
- 4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee beyond the sky;

- Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high.
- 5 So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.
- 6 Hail, all hail! in Thee confiding,
Jesus, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding,
With one Spirit evermore. AMEN.
- Latin Hymn, Fifth Century. Trans. (F).*

90 *Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.*

BARBY. C. M.

W. TANSUR.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With

all Thy quick - 'ning powers; Kin - dle a flame of

sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A - MEN.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

91 *Our Blest Redeemer, ere He Breathed.*

ST. CUTHBERT. 8s, 6, & 4.

Rev. Dr. DYKES.

1. Our blest Re-deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der last fare-well,

A Guide, a Com-fort - er, bequeathed With us to dwell. A - MEN.

2 He came in semblance of a dove
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,

That checks each thought, that calms
each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
Oh make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee. AMEN.

Harriet Auber.

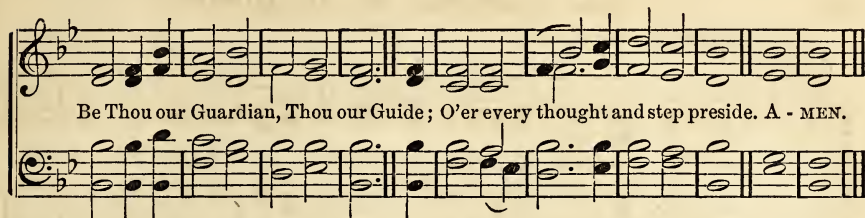
92 *Come, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove.*

WARD. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove;

WARD.—Continued.



Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide; O'er every thought and step preside. A - MEN.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far,
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to Thy word, that rules must give
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

5 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fullness of joy for ever there;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest. AMEN.

Simon Browne, 1720. Altered.

93

Gracious Spirit! Love Divine!

ST. MARTIN. 7s.

Old French Melody.



1. Gra-cious Spir-it! Love di-vine! Let Thy light with-in me shine; All my



guilt-y fears re-move, Fill me full of heaven and love. A - MEN.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;

Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine. AMEN.

John Stocker, 1776.

94

Come, Holy Spirit, Come.

STATE STREET. S. M.

I. C. WOODMAN.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, Let Thy bright beams a - rise;

Dis - pel the darkness from our minds, And o - pen all our eyes. A - MEN.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know and praise and
love
The Father, Son, and Thee. AMEN.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

95

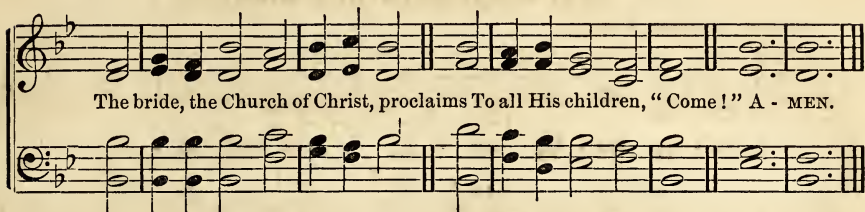
The Spirit in our Hearts.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. The Spir - it in our hearts Is whispering, "Sin - ner, come!"

OLMUTZ.—Continued.



The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims To all His children, "Come!" A - MEN.

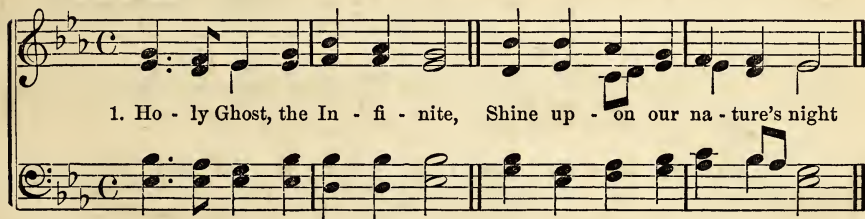
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the Fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,

- And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; I wait Thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come. AMEN.
- Bp. H. N. Onderdonk, 1826.*

96

Holy Ghost, the Infinite.

PARACLETE. 7s & 5.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, the In - fi - nite, Shine up - on our na - ture's night



With Thy blessed in - ward light, Comfort - er di - vine! A - MEN.

- 2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint: Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine!
- 3 Like the dew Thy peace distill,
Guide, subdue our wayward will,

- Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine!
- 4 Search for us the depths of God,
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter divine! AMEN.

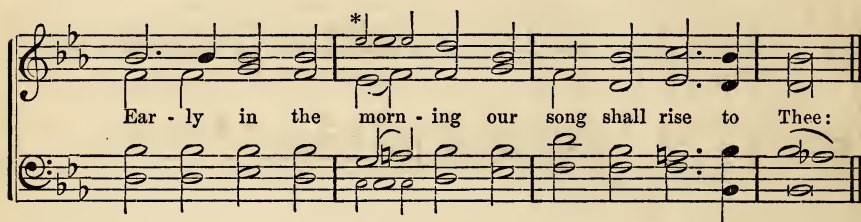
97 *Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!*

NICÆA. 11, 12s, & 10.


Rev. Dr. DYKES.



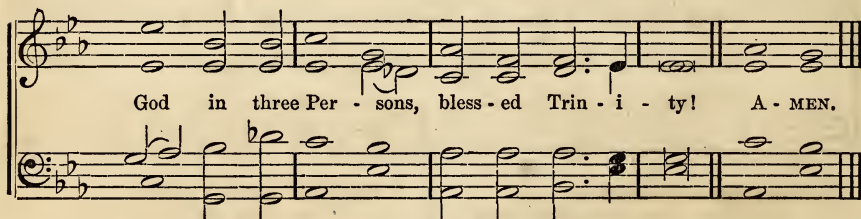
1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God al - might - y!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!



God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - MEN.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
 Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

* The small notes are intended for the second and third verses.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
 Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God almighty!
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
 Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty,
 God in three Persons, blessed Trinity! AMEN.

Bishop Heber.

98

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

HALLETT. 7s. 6 lines.

J. H. SHEPHERD.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God of hosts, e - ter - nal King,

By the heav'ns and earth a - dored; An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,

Chanting ev - er - last - ing - ly, To the blessed Trin - i - ty. A - MEN.

2 Cherubim and seraphim
 Veil their faces with their wings;
 Eyes of angels are too dim
 To behold the King of kings,
 While they sing eternally
 To the blessed Trinity.

3 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Join we with the heavenly host,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the blessed Trinity. AMEN.

Bishop Wordsworth.

99

The Lord my Shepherd is.

WILLIAMSON. S. M.

German. (Arr. by A. N.)

1. The Lord my Shep-herd is, I shall be well sup-plied; Since

He is mine and I am His, What can I want be-side? A - MEN.

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid
I cannot yield to fear;

Though I should walk through death's
dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my foll'wing days,
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise. AMEN.

Dr. Watts.

100

Lift up your Heads, ye Mighty Gates.

PRAISE. L. M.

PRÆTORIUS, 1604.

1. Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates! Be-hold, the King of glo - ry waits!

PRAISE.—Continued.

The King of kings is drawing near, The Saviour of the world is here. A - MEN.

2 Life and salvation doth He bring,
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing;
Eternal praise, my God, to Thee;
Creator, wise is Thy decree.

3 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple, set apart

From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

4 Redeemer, come; I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide;
Let me Thine inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal. AMEN.

George Weiszel, 1635. Trans. by Cath. Winkworth, 1855.

101 *Oh for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.*

ST. STEPHEN. C. M.

Rev. W. JONES.

1. Oh for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise!

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace! A - MEN.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free,
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

102

Before Jehovah's Awful Throne.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

W. FRANC.

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with

sa - cred joy; Know that the Lord is God a - lone;

He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy. A - MEN.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men,
And when, like wandering sheep, we
strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise,

And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding
praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must
stand
When rolling years shall cease to
move. AMEN.

Dr. Watts.

103

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall ;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all. A - MEN.

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball ;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

7 Oh that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all. AMEN.

Edward Perronet, 1780. Altered.

104

Glorious Things of thee are Spoken.

AUSTRIA. 8s & 7s. D.

J. HAYDN.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Si - on, ci - ty of our God ;
He whose word can-not be bro - ken Form'd thee for His own a - bode. }

On the Rock of a - ges found-ed, What can shake thysure re - pose?

With sal - va - tion's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes. A - MEN.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage,
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Blest inhabitants of Sion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

AMEN.

Rev. F. Newton.

105 Awake, my Soul! Stretch every Nerve.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

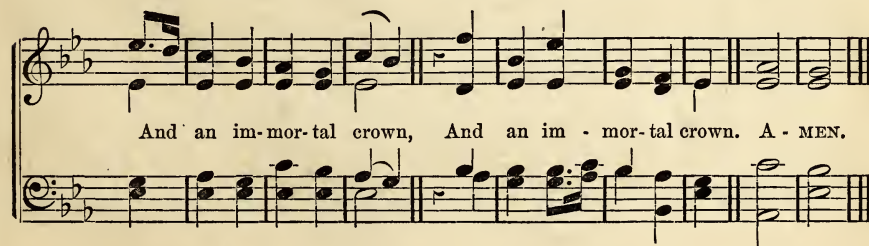
HANDEL.



1. A - wake, my soul! stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with



vig - or on; A heaven-ly race de-mands thy zeal,



And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im - mor-tal crown. A - MEN.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,

'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun,
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my laurels down. AMEN.

Dr. Doddridge.

106

Lord of every Land and Nation.

PRAISE. 8s & 7s.

ALBERT LOWE.

Voices in Unison.

1. Lord of ev - ry land and na - tion, "An - cient of e - ter - nal days,"

Sound - ed through the wide cre - a - tion Be Thy just and law - ful praise.

CHORUS.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

2 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unutter'd lie?
Shun, my tongue, the guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Alleluia, amen!

3 From the highest throne in glory
To the cross of deepest woe,

All to ransom guilty captives;
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
Alleluia, amen!

4 Come, return, immortal Saviour;
Come, Lord Jesus, take Thy throne;
Quickly come, and reign for ever,
Be Thy kingdom all Thine own.
Alleluia, amen!

107

Holy Saviour, we Adore Thee.

SALZBURG. 8s, 7s, & 4.

M. HAYDN.

1. Ho - ly Sa - viour, we a - dore Thee, Seat - ed on the throne of God ;

All heav'n's hosts bow down be - fore Thee, And we sing Thy praise a - loud.

Thou art worthy, Thou art worthy! We were ransomed by Thy blood. A - MEN.

2 Saviour, though the world despised
Thee,

Though Thou here wast crucified,
Yet the Father's glory raised Thee,
Lord of all creation wide;

Thou art worthy!

We shall live, for Thou hast died.

3 And though here on earth rejected,
'Tis but fellowship with Thee;

What besides could be expected
Than like Thee, our Lord, to be?

Thou art worthy!

Thou from earth hast set us free.

4 Haste the day of Thy returning,
With Thy ransomed Church to
reign;

Then shall end our days of mourning,
We shall sing with rapture then,

"Thou art worthy!"

Come, Lord Jesus, come. Amen.

AMEN.

Samuel P. Tregelles.

108

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The Church our

blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood. A - MEN.

- 2 I love Thy Church, O God,
Her walls before Thee stand
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,

Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. AMEN.

Dr. Dwight.

109

Round the Lord in Glory Seated.

COBLENTZ. 8s & 7s. D.

German. (Arr. by A. NEVIN.)

1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed, Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim }
Filled His tem - ple, and re - peat - ed Each to each th' al - ter - nate hymn. }

D.C. Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"

COBLENTZ.—Continued.

“Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heaven, Earth is with its full - ness stored: A - MEN.

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 “Holy, holy, holy,” singing,
 “Lord of hosts, the Lord most high!
 Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fullness stored,
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!”

3 With His seraph-train before Him,
 With His holy Church below,
 Thus conspire we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow:
 “Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fullness stored,
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!” AMEN.

Richard Mant.

110 Come, We that Love the Lord.

CAMBRIDGE. S. M.

REV. R. HARRISON.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join

in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus surround the throne. A - MEN.

2 Let those refuse to sing
 That never knew our God,
 But favorites of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below;

Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.
 4 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear, be dry;
 We're marching through Immanuel's
 ground,
 To fairer worlds on high. AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

111 Songs of Praise the Angels Sang.

CLARION. 7s.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang,

When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done. A-MEN.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born,
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?

No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

AMEN.

J. Montgomery.

112 Far Beyond all Comprehension.

WINSLOW. 8s & 7s.

ANON.

1. Far be - yond all com-pre - hen - sion Is Je - ho - vah's cov'nant love;

WINSLOW.—Continued.

Who can fath-om its di - mension, Or its unknown limits prove? A - MEN.

2 Ere the earth upon its basis
By creating power was built,
His designs were wise and gracious
For removing human guilt.

3 He displayed his grand intention
On the Mount of Calvary
When He died for our redemption,
Lifted high upon the tree.

4 Oh how sweet to view the flowing
Of His soul-redeeming blood,
With divine assurance knowing
That it made my peace with God!

5 Freely Thou wilt bring to heaven
All Thy chosen ransomed race,
Who to Thee, their Head, were given
In the covenant of grace. AMEN.

113

Children of the Heavenly King.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 78s.

PLEYEL.

1. Chil - dren of the heavenly King, As we jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways. A-MEN.

2 We are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Banished once, by sin betrayed,
Christ our Advocate was made;

Pardoned now, no more we roam;
Christ conducts us to our home.

4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee. AMEN.

John Cennick.

114

Praise the Lord of Heaven.

ST. MARK. 6s & 5s. D.

ANON.

1. Praise the Lord of hea - ven, Praise Him in the height ; Praise Him, all ye

angels, Praise Him, stars and light ; Praise Him, clouds and waters, Which above the skies,

When His word com - mand - ed, Did es - tab - lished rise. A - MEN.

2 Praise the Lord, ye fountains
Of the deeps and seas,
Rocks and hills and mountains,
Cedars, and all trees ;
Praise Him, clouds and vapors,
Snow and hail and fire,
Stormy wind, fulfilling
Only His desire.

3 Praise Him, fowls and cattle,
Princes and all kings ;
Praise Him, men and maidens,
All created things ;
For the name of God is
Excellent alone,
Over earth His footstool,
Over heaven His throne. AMEN.

115

Now thank we all our God.

NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT. P. M.

F. CRÜGER.

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voi - ces, }
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re - joi - ces; }

Who from our mother's arms Hath bless'd us on our way

With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A - MEN.

2 Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us,
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. AMEN.

Tr. Miss C. Winckworth.

116 Beautiful Saviour, King of Creation.

CRUSADER'S HYMN. P. M.

ANON.

1. Beau - ti - ful Sa - viour, King of cre - a - tion, Son of

God and Son of man! Tru - ly I'd love Thee,

Tru - ly I'd serve Thee, Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown. A - MEN.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer the woodlands,
Robed in flowers of blooming spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
He makes our sorrowing spirits sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer the moonlight,
And the sparkling stars on high;

Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels in the sky.

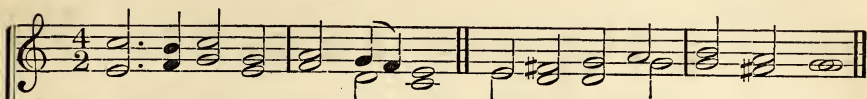
4 Beautiful Saviour,
Lord of the nations,
Son of God and Son of man!
Glory and honor,
Praise, adoration,
Now and for evermore be Thine. AMEN.

117

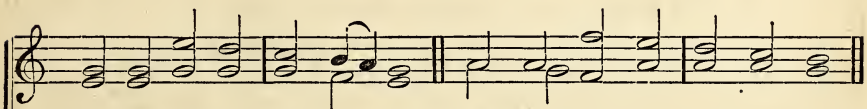
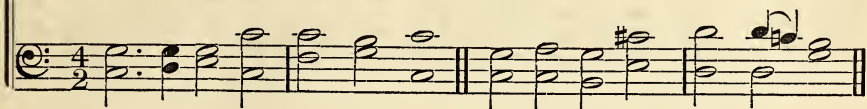
Hark! that glorious Burst of Praise.

THANKSGIVING. 7s. 6 lines.

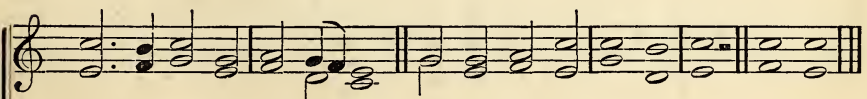
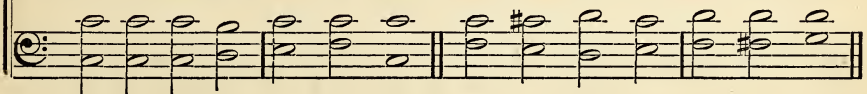
W. B. GILBERT.



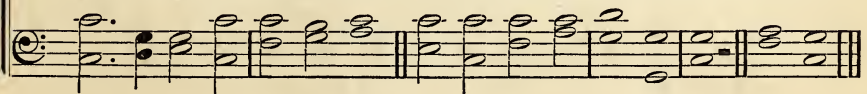
1. Hark! that glorious burst of praise Which the ransomed le-gions raise,



While the ceaseless waves of song Sweep their gold-en harps a-long



In a full tri-umph-ant strain—"To the Lamb for sin-ners slain!" A-MEN.



2 Grant us, Lord, to hear that sound
Swell Thy golden city round,
And, while absent far away

In this prison-house of clay,
Let our souls take up the psalm—
"Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!" AMEN.

118

Salvation! oh the Joyful Sound.

ASHLEY. C. M.

Dr. MADEN.

1. Sal - va - tion! oh the joy - ful sound, Glad tid - ings

to our ears, A sov'-reign balm for ev' - ry wound, A

CHORUS.

cor - dial for our fears. Glo - ry, hon - or, praise, and power Be un - to the

Lamb for ev - er! Je - sus Christ is our Re-deem-er; Al - le - lu - ia,

ASHLEY.—Continued.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, praise the Lord! A - MEN.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.—*Cho.*

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,

While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.—*Cho.*

4 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs;
Our hearts shall kindle at Thy name,
Thy name inspire our songs.—*Cho.*
AMEN. *Dr. Watts.*

119 *To Christ, the Prince of Peace.*

BARRINGTON. S. M.

JOHN GAUNT.

1. To Christ, the Prince of peace, And Son of God, we sing;

To Him who saved us by His love, Let ho - ly anthems ring. A - MEN.

2 Deep in His heart for us
The wound of love He bore—
That love which still He kindles in
The hearts that Him adore.

3 O Jesus! Victim blest!
What else but love divine

Could Thee constrain to open thus
That sacred heart of Thine?

4 Hide me in Thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly; [death
There seek Thy grace through life; in
Thine immortality. AMEN.

Latin Hymn. Translated by E. Caswall.

120

Jesu, Meek and Gentle.

ST. LUCIAN. 6s & 5s.

C. H. RINCK.

1. Je - su, meek and gen - tle, Son of God Most High,

Pitying, lov - ing Sa - viour, Hear Thy children's cry. A - MEN.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, Holy Jesu,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. AMEN.
Rev. G. R. Fryne.

121

Thou art the Way; to Thee Alone.

MARLOW. C. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. Thou art the Way; to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;

MARLOW.—Continued.

And he who would the Father seek Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee. A - MEN.

- 2 Thou art the Truth ; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst instruct the mind
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,

- And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow. AMEN.
- Bishop Doane.*

122 *Jesus, Thy boundless Love to me.*

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

ZEUNER.

1. Je-sus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;

Unite my thankful heart to Thee, And reign without a rival there. A - MEN.

- 2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray !
All pain before its presence flies ;
Care, anguish, sorrow melt away
Where'er its healing beams arise.

- Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to Thy mind.
- 4 Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace,
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong,
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song. AMEN.

- 3 Oh let Thy love my soul inflame,
And to Thy service sweetly bind ;

Paul Gerhart, 1659. Trans. by John Wesley, 1759. Altered.

123 Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we Flee.

ST. PETERS. C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be forgiven,

So let Thy life our pattern be, And form our souls for heaven. A - MEN.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,

We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

5 Should friends misjudge or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven. AMEN.

John Hampden Gurney, 1838.

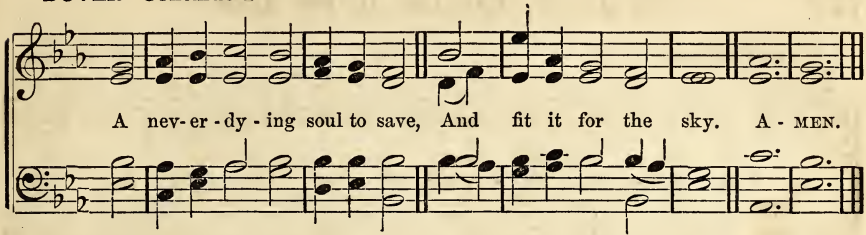
124 A Charge to Keep I have.

DOVER. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,

DOVER—Continued.



A nev-er-dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky. A - MEN.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,

And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

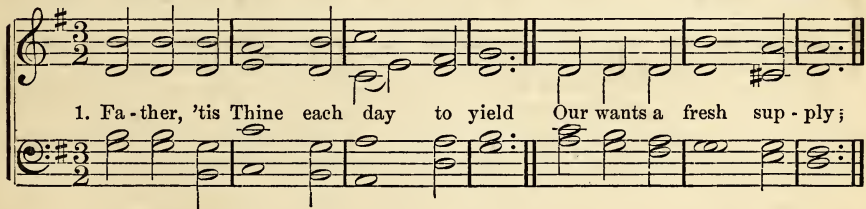
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die. AMEN.

Rev. C. Wesley.

125 Father, 'tis Thine each Day to Yield.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

Rev. Dr. DYKES.



1. Fa-ther, 'tis Thine each day to yield Our wants a fresh sup- ply;



Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field, And hear'st the ra - vens cry: A - MEN.

2 Thy love in all Thy works we see,
Thy promise, Lord, we plead,
And humbly cast our care on Thee,
Who knowest all our need.

3 Let not the world engage our love,
Nor cares our bosoms fill,

But fix our hearts on things above,
That we may do Thy will.

4 The comfort of Thy light bestow,
Our faith and hope increase,
And let us in Thy presence know
Contentment, joy, and peace. AMEN.

Edward Osler.

126

O Jesus, Saviour of the Lost.

MARTYRDOM. C. M.

H. WILSON.

1. O Je - sus, Sa - viour of the lost, My Rock and

Hid - ing - place, By storms of sin and sor - row tost,

I seek Thy shel - t'ring grace. A - - MEN.

2 Guilty, "Forgive me, Lord!" I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.

3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;

There danger never, never harms,
There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before Thy throne
And all Thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee. AMEN.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1858.

127

Abide among us with Thy Grace.

MEDFIELD. C. M.

W. MATHER.

1. A - bid e a - mong us with Thy grace, Lord

Je - sus, ev - er - more, Nor let us e'er to

sin give place, Nor grieve Him we a - dore. A - MEN.

- 2 Abide among us with Thy word,
Redeemer whom we love;
Thy help and mercy here afford,
And life with Thee above.
- 3 Abide among us with Thy ray,
O Light that lighten'st all,
And let Thy truth preserve our way,
Nor suffer us to fall.
- 4 Abide with us to bless us still,
O bounteous Lord of peace;

- With grace and power our souls fulfill,
Our faith and love increase.
 - 5 Abide among us as our Shield,
O Captain of Thy host,
That to the world we may not yield,
Nor e'er forsake our post.
 - 6 Abide with us in faithful love,
Our God and Saviour be;
Thy help at need oh let us prove,
And keep us true to Thee. AMEN.
- J. Staggmann, Trans. by Catherine Winckworth.*

128 *Mercy, O Thou Son of David.*

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.

STEPHEN JENKS.

1. "Mer - cy, O Thou Son of Da-vid!" Thus the blind Bar - tim - eus prayed;

"Oth - ers by Thy word are savèd; Now to me af - ford Thine aid." A - MEN.

- 2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still,
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
"Come and ask me what you will."
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live,
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but He could give:
- 4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day;"

Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

- 5 Oh methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!
- 6 Oh that all the blind but knew Him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to Him,
He would cause them all to see."

AMEN.
Newton.

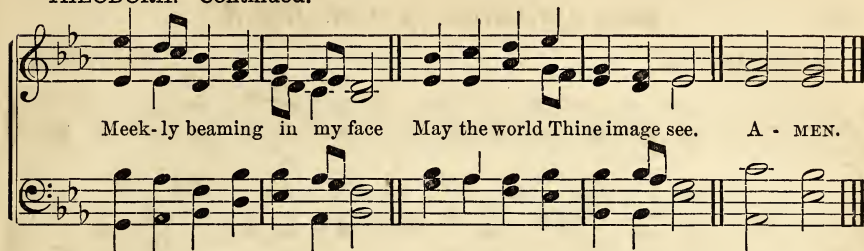
129 *Father of Eternal Grace.*

THEODORA. 7s.

From HANDEL.

1. Fa - ther of e - ter - nal grace, Glor - i - fy Thy-self in me;

THEODORA.—Continued.



- 2 Happy only in Thy love,
 Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
 Fix my thoughts on things above,
 Stay my heart on Thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all-resigned
 To Thy will—Thy will be done—

Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
 Of Thy well-beloved Son.

- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
 May I tread the path He trod,
 Die with Jesus on the cross,
 Rise with Him to Thee, my God. AMEN.

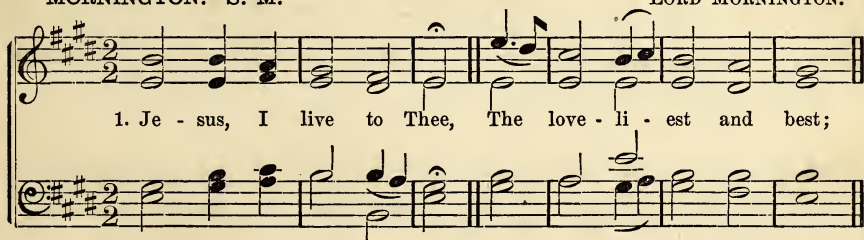
James Montgomery, 1808.

130

Jesus, I Live to Thee.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

LORD MORNINGTON.



- 2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
 Whenever death shall come;
 To die in Thee is life to me
 In my eternal home.
- 3 Whether to live or die,
 I know not which is best—

To live in Thee is bliss to me,
 To die is endless rest.

- 4 Living or dying, Lord,
 I ask but to be Thine;
 My life in Thee, Thy life in me
 Makes heaven for ever mine. AMEN.

Henry Harbaugh.

131

Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All.

S. FINBAR. 8s.

ANONYMOUS.

1. Je - su, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sa - viour,

when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place

Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace. Je - su, my Lord, I

Thee a - dore; Oh make me love Thee more and more. A - MEN.

2 Jesu, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought,
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesu, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast
brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!

Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

4 Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art
mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.
AMEN.

132

Who is there like Thee?

GERMAN CHORAL.

Seelenbrautigam.

Arr. by H. S.

1. Who is there like Thee, Je-sus, un - to me? None are like Thee,
D.C. None on earth have we, None in heaven, like Thee.

none a - bove Thee, Thou art al - to - geth - er love - ly. A - MEN.

2 Love that warmly glowed,
Blood that freely flowed,
Life that stooped to death to save me,
And a deathless being gave me,
Bore my guilty load,
Brought me back to God,—

3 Plant Thyself in me;
I will learn of Thee
To be holy, meek, and tender,
Wrath and pride and self surrender;

Nothing shouldst Thou see
But Thyself in me.

4 When on death's cold strand
I one day shall stand,
Let Thy presence go beside me,
Through the gloomy waters guide me;
Grant me then to stand,
Lord, at Thy right hand.
AMEN.

133 *Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!*

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.

SPANISH MELODY.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho - vah! Pilgrim through this barren land;

I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
D.S. Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more, A - MEN.

2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow,
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. AMEN.

W. Williams.

134

Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us.

SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s, & 4.

BRADBURY.

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us; Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - - pare. }

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,

Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A - MEN.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
||: Blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee. :||

3 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
||: Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still. :||
AMEN.

135

Jesus, I my Cross have taken.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

ANON.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and follow Thee; }
Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be. }

D.C. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heaven are still my own.

Per-ish every fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought or hoped or known; A - MEN.

- 2 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba Father,
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl and clouds may
gather:
All must work for good to me.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

- Oh 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me,
Oh 'twere not in joy to charm me
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.
- 4 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care,
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1833.

136

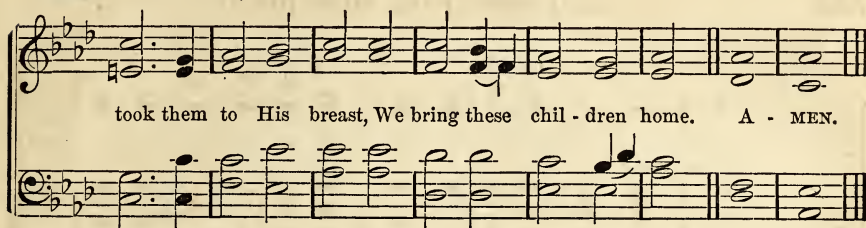
To Him who Children Blest.

REST. S. M.

SIR JOHN GOSS.

1. To Him who children blest, And suffered them to come, To Him who

REST.—Continued.



took them to His breast, We bring these chil - dren home. A - MEN.

2 To Thee, O God, whose face
Their angels always see,
We bring them, praying that Thy grace
May bind their souls to Thee.

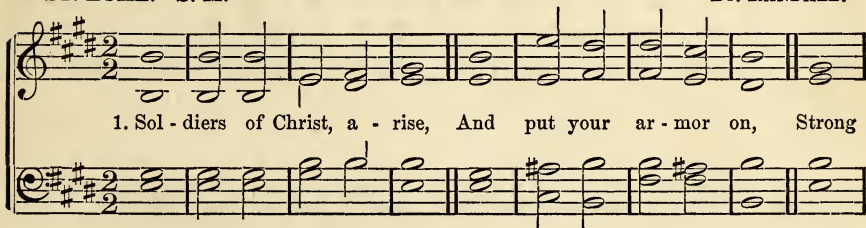
3 And as this water falls
On each unconscious brow,
Lord, let Thy Holy Spirit seal
The sacramental vow. AMEN.

137

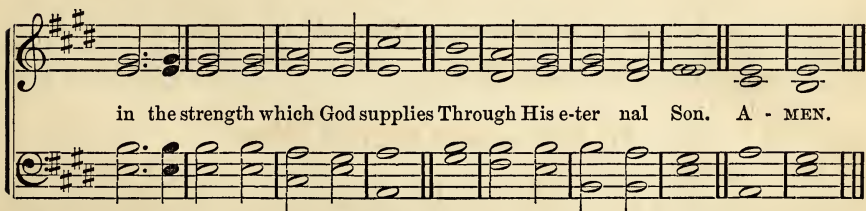
Soldiers of Christ, Arise.

ST. LUKE. S. M.

Dr. RANDALL.



1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on, Strong



in the strength which God supplies Through His e - ter - nal Son. A - MEN.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued,

And take to arm you for the fight
The panoply of God;

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last. AMEN.

C. Wesley.

138

Jerusalem the Golden.

EWING. 7s & 6s. D.

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,

The first system of music is in D major (two sharps) and 4/2 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Be - neath Thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

I know not, oh I know not, What joys a - wait us there,

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond compare. A - MEN.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr-throng;
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene,
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

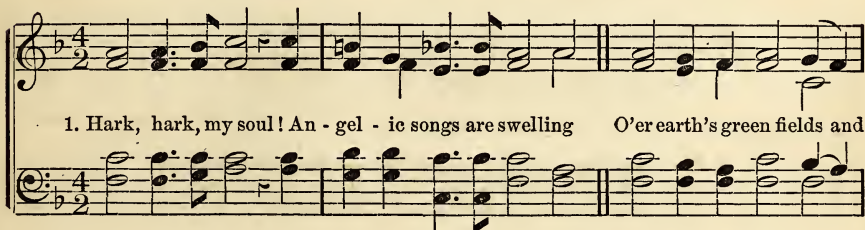
3 There is the throne of David,
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast,
 And they who with their Leader
 Have conquered in the fight
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white. AMEN.
St. Bernard. Tr. by Neale.

139

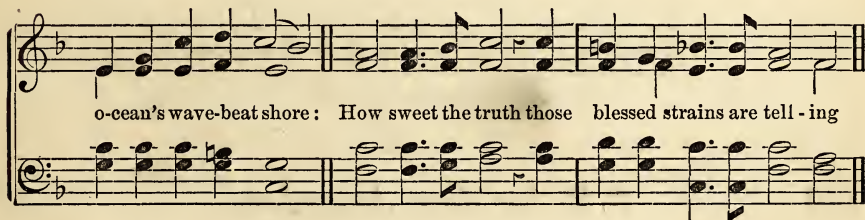
Angels of Jesus.

ANGELICA. 11s, 10s, & 9.

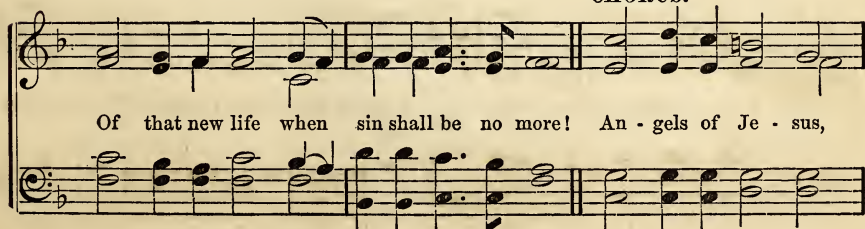
Arr. by J. M. ARMSTRONG.



1. Hark, hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and

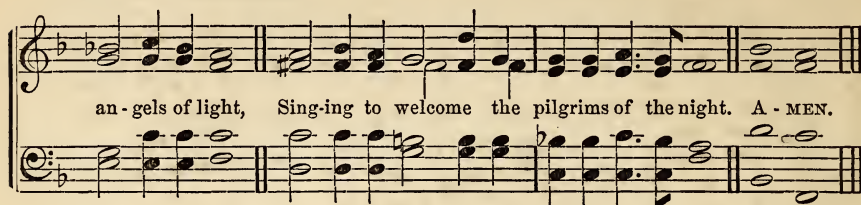


o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing

CHORUS.


Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,

ANGELICA.—Continued.



- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,"
 And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the gospel leads us home.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary;
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
 Angels of Jesus, etc. AMEN.

Rev. H. W. Faber.

140

O Mother dear, Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM. C. M.

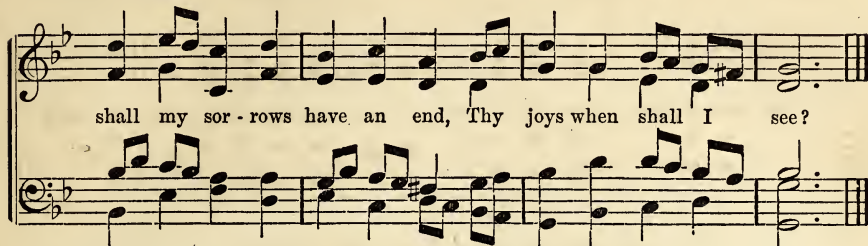
TRADITIONAL.

Moderato.

1. O moth-er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to Thee? When

The musical score is for a single part in C major (no sharps or flats) and 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of no sharps or flats. The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' The lyrics are written below the notes.

JERUSALEM.—Continued.



2 Jerusalem the city is
Of God our King alone;
The Lamb of God, its light and bliss,
Sits on His glorious throne.

3 O happy harbor of God's saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

4 No dimming clouds o'ershadow thee,
No dull nor darksome night,
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.

5 Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,
I love and long to see;
Oh that my sorrows had an end,
That I might dwell in thee.

6 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are made of Orient-pearl;
O God! if I were there,

7 With cherubim and seraphim,
And holy souls of men,
To sing thy praise, O God of hosts,
For ever, and amen.

Francis Baker, 1616. Altered by David Dickson, 1649.

141

Second Tune.

MONACA. C. M.

E. A.



142

O Paradise, O Paradise!

HOPKINS. P. M.

HENRY SMART.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/2 time. It consists of a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a half note B. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a chordal accompaniment in the right hand.

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest—

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a quarter rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a half note B. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

CHORUS.

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

The third system begins the chorus. The vocal melody starts with a quarter rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a half note B. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

All rapture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight? A - MEN.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The vocal melody ends with a half note G and a quarter note A. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?—*Cho.*

3 O Paradise, O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near.—*Cho.*

4 O Paradise, O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;

I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.—*Cho.*

5 O Paradise, O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.—*Cho.*

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.—*Cho. AMEN.*
Rev. F. W. Faber.

143

For Ever with the Lord.

FAITH. S. M.

DEAN ALDRICH.

1. "For ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be: Life from the

dead is in that word, And im - mor - tal - i - ty. A - MEN.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
The golden gates appear!

4 My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.

6 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

7 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!" AMEN.
James Montgomery, 1835.

144

There is a Land of Pure Delight.

CANAAN. C. M.

Mrs. NORTON.

1. There is a land of pure de-light Where saints im-mor - tal reign; In-

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "1. There is a land of pure de-light Where saints im-mor - tal reign; In-".

fin - ite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain. There

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "fin - ite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain. There".

ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with - 'ring flowers; Death,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with - 'ring flowers; Death,".

like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'nly land from ours. A - MEN.

The fourth system concludes the hymn. The lyrics are: "like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'nly land from ours. A - MEN.".

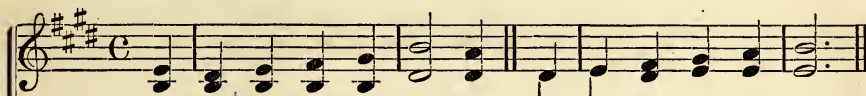
- 2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling
flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes,
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold
flood
Should fright us from the shore. AMEN.
Dr. Watts.

145

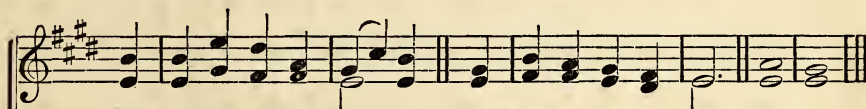
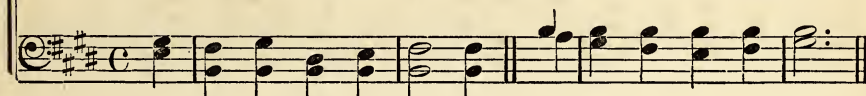
Jerusalem, Blest City.

HESSE. 7s & 6s.

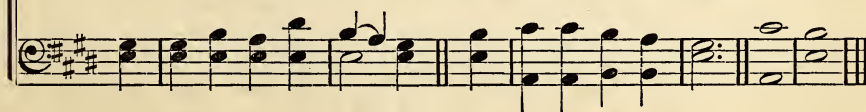
Arr. from HESSE.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, blest cit - y, Name of ce - les - tial sound,



With liv-ing stones up - build - ed, With an - gel armies crowned, A - MEN.



- 2 Thou art the golden mansion
Where saints for ever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of our King.
- 3 There God for ever dwelleth,
Himself of all the crown,

- The Lamb a light there shineth,
And never goeth down.
- 4 Naught to that city cometh
Its people to molest ;
They praise their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest. AMEN.

146

For thee, O dear, dear Country.

BERNARD. 7s & 6s. D.

1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vi - gils keep;

For ver - y love be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep.

{ The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast, } A - MEN.
{ And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love and life and rest. }

2 O one, O only mansion,
O paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy,
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise,
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced,
The saints build up its fabric,
The Corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean,
 Thou hast no time, bright day,
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away.
 Upon the Rock of ages
 They raise thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect,
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest,
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest. AMEN.
H. Bernard. Translated by Neale.

147

O God, our Help in Ages past.

ST. ANN. C. M.

DENBY. (Arr. by Dr. CROFT.)

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel-ter from the stormy blast, And our e - ter - nal home. A - MEN.

2 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
 Are like an evening gone,

Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home. AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

148

No, no, it is not Dying.

CECIL. 7s & 6s.

A. NEVIN.

1. No, no, it is not dy - ing, No, no, it is not dy-ing,

The first system of music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a repeat sign at the end of the first phrase.

To go un - to our God; This gloom-y earth for - sak - ing,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The melody features a half note followed by a quarter note, with a repeat sign. The accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the bass.

Our jour - ney homeward tak - ing A - long the star - ry road,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The melody features a half note followed by a quarter note, with a repeat sign. The accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the bass.

A - long the star - ry road. A - - MEN.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The melody features a half note followed by a quarter note, with a repeat sign. The accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the bass, ending with a double bar line.

2 ||: No, no, it is not dying, :||
 Heaven's citizen to be,
 A crown immortal wearing,
 And rest unbroken sharing,
 From care and conflict free.

3 ||: No, no, it is not dying, :||
 To hear this gracious word:
 "Receive a Father's blessing,
 For evermore possessing
 The favor of thy Lord."

4 ||: No, no, it is not dying, :||
 The Shepherd's voice to know;

His sheep He ever leadeth,
 His peaceful flock He feedeth,
 Where living pastures grow.

5 ||: No, no, it is not dying, :||
 To wear a lordly crown,
 Among God's people dwelling,
 The glorious triumph swelling
 Of Him whose sway we own.

6 ||: Oh no, it is not dying, :||
 Thou Saviour of mankind;
 There streams of love are flowing,
 No hindrance ever knowing;
 Here drops alone we find. AMEN.

149

It is not Death to Die.

MOCCAS. S. M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

1. It is not death to die, To leave this wear-y road, And,

'midst the broth-erhood on high, To be at home with God. A - MEN.

2 It is not death to close
 The eye long dimmed by tears,
 And wake, in glorious repose
 To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,

And rise, on strong exulting wing,
 To live among the just.

4 Jesus, Thou Prince of life,
 Thy chosen cannot die;
 Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
 To reign with Thee on high. AMEN.
George W. Bethune, 1847.

150 *Tender Shepherd, Thou hast Still'd.*

MEINHOLD. 7s & 8s.

German. (BACH.)

1. Ten - der Shep - herd, Thou hast still'd Now Thy lit - tle
Ah, how peace - ful, pale, and mild, In its nar - row

lamb's brief weep - ing; } And no sigh of an - guish sore
bed 'tis sleep - ing, }

Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more. A - MEN.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave
it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesu, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

AMEN.

Tr. by Winckworth.

151

When Morning Gilds the Skies.

MORNING. 6s.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,

May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - like at work and prayer,

To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - MEN.

2 When'er the sweet church-bell
 Peals over hill and dell,
 May Jesus Christ be praised;
 Oh, hark to what it sings,
 As joyously it rings,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
 A solace here I find,
 May Jesus Christ be praised;
 Or fades my earthly bliss?
 My comfort still is this,
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 The night becomes as day
 When from the heart we say,
 "May Jesus Christ be praised;"
 The powers of darkness fear
 When this sweet chant they hear,
 "May Jesus Christ be praised."

5 In heaven's eternal bliss
 The loveliest strain is this,
 "Let Jesus Christ be praised;"
 Let earth and sea and sky
 From depth to height reply,
 "May Jesus Christ be praised."
 AMEN.

152

The Sands of Time are Sinking.

MORNING STAR. 7s, 6s & 5.

Rev. EDWARD SEYMOUR.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of hea - ven breaks,

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair sweet morn, a - wakes;

Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth In Em - man - uel's land. A - MEN.

- 2 O Christ! He is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.
- 3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love;

- I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Emmanuel's land.
- 4 I've wrestled on toward heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now, like a weary traveler
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Emmanuel's land. AMEN.

153 As the Sun doth Daily Rise.

INNOCENTS. 7s.

THIBAUT.

1. As the sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright'ning all the morn - ing skies,

So to Thee with one ac - cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord! A - MEN.

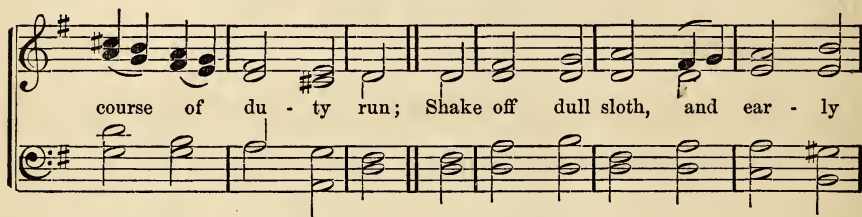
- 2 Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good;
Strength unto our souls afford
From Thy living Bread, O Lord!
- 3 Be our Guard in sin and strife,
Be the Leader of our life;
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord.
- 4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace,
All Thy holy will to trace,
While we daily search Thy Word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord!
- 5 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord.
- 6 When the hours are dark and drear,
When the Tempter lurketh near,
By Thy strength'ning grace outpoured,
Save the tempted ones, O Lord.
- 7 Praise we with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Thee would we with one accord
Praise and magnify, O Lord. AMEN.

King Alfred, 900. Trans. by Earl Nelson, 1864.

154 *Awake, my Soul, and with the Sun.*

MORNING HYMN. L. M.

BARTHOLOMON.



2 Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Thy talents to improve take care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience like the noonday clear,
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing,
"High glory to th' eternal King."

5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;

Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,
I may of endless life partake.

6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

7 Direct, control, suggest, this day
All I design or do or say,
That all my powers with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite. AMEN.

Thomas Ken, 1697.

155 *Abide with me: Fast falls the Eventide.*

EVENTIDE. 10s.

W. H. MONK.

1. A - bid with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep-ens;

Lord, with me a - bid: When oth-er help-ers fail and comforts flee,

Help of the help - less, Oh a - bid with me. A - MEN.

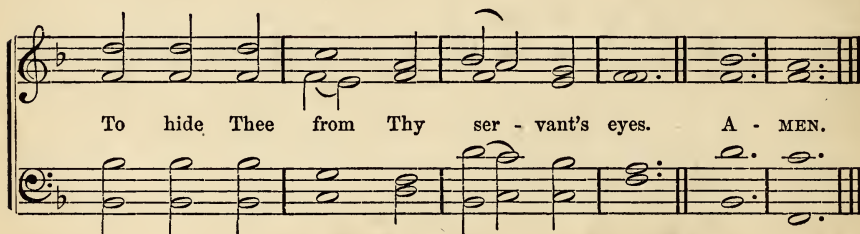
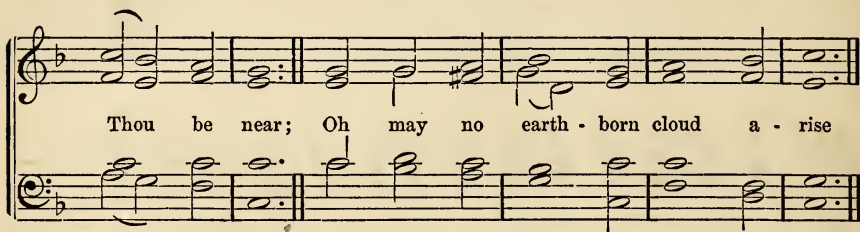
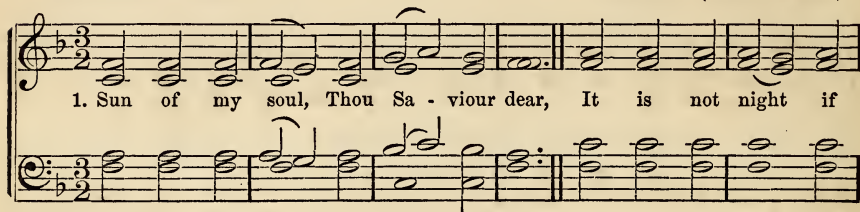
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. AMEN.

Rev. H. F. Lyte.

156 *Sun of my Soul, Thou Saviour Dear.*

HURSLEY. L. M.

German. (W. H. MONK.)



2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, "How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!"

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless
store;

Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

AMEN.

Rev. J. Keble.

157 *Softly now the Light of Day.*

TWILIGHT. 7s. D.

G. A.

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee;
D.S. Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.

Thou whose all-per - vading eye Naught escapes without, with - in, A - MEN.

2 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

158

Sweet Saviour, Bless us Ere we Go.

COMPLINE. 8s.

ANON.

1. Sweet Sa-viour, bless us ere we go, Thy word in-to our

minds in-still, And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With

low-ly love and fer-vent will. Through life's long day and

death's dark night, O gen-tle Je-sus, be our Light. A-MEN.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release,
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

Through life's long day and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
Oh let Thy mercy make us glad,
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light. AMEN.
Rev. F. W. Faber.

159

Saviour, ere in Sweet Repose.

WEBER. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Sa-viour, ere in sweet re- pose I my wear-y eye-lids close,

Let me love with per-fect love Child and man, and God a-bove. A-MEN.

2 Guard me when in sleep I lie,
Plead for me with God on high;
All that stained my soul to-day,
Wash it in Thy blood away.

3 If my slumbers broken be,
Waking, let me think of Thee;
Darkness cannot make me fear
If I feel that Thou art near. AMEN.

160

The Day is Past and Over.

ST. ANATOLIUS. P. M.

H. BROWN.

1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! I

pray Thee that of-fenceless The hours of dark may be. O Jesus, keep me

in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night. A - MEN.

2 The joys of day are over :
 I lift my heart to Thee,
 And call on Thee that sinless
 The hours of gloom may be.
 O Jesus, make their darkness light,
 And save me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over :
 I raise the hymn to Thee,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of fear may be.
 O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
 Or sleep in death shall I,
 And he, my wakeful tempter,
 Triumphantly shall cry,
 "Against him I have now prevailed ;
 Rejoice! the child of God has failed."

5 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
 O God, for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go.
 O loving Jesus, hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all.

AMEN.
 St. Anatolius.

161

Glory to Thee, my God, this Night.

TALLIS'S EVENING HYMN. L. M.

TALLIS.

1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless - ings
of the light; Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Un - der Thine own al - might - y wings. A - MEN.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

4 Oh may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,

Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Oh when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to Thee, eternal King? AMEN.

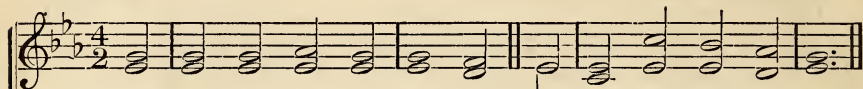
Tallis.

162

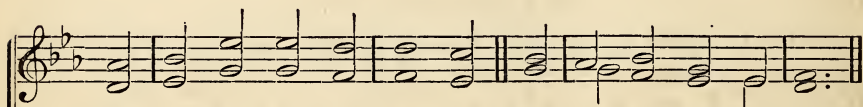
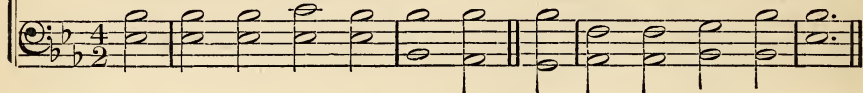
The Church's one Foundation.

AURELIA. 7s & 6s.

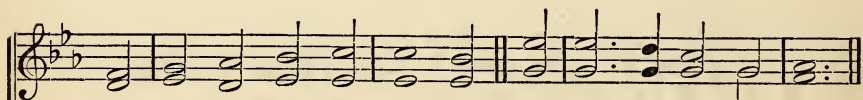
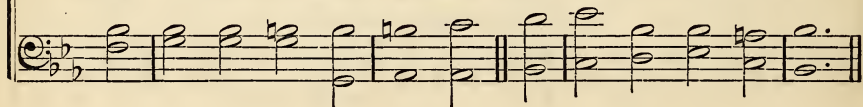
Dr. S. S. WESLEY.



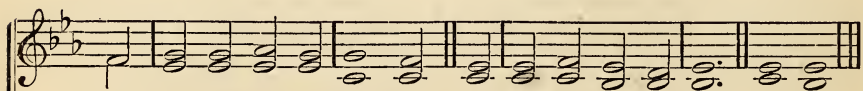
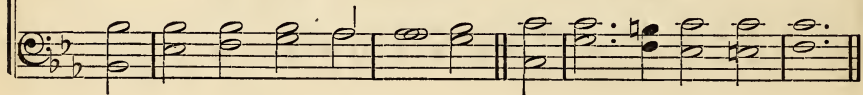
1. The Church's one Foun-da-tion Is Je-sus Christ, her Lord;



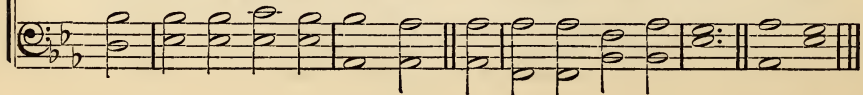
She is His new cre-a-tion By wa-ter and the Word:



From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho-ly Bride;



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A-MEN.



- 2 Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
 One holy name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy Food,
 And to one hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.
- 3 Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore oppress,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distressed,

- Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.
- 4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore,
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest. AMEN.

163

Oh Praise the Lord!

NAGELI. 11s & 8.

NAGELI. (Arr. by W. B. HALL.)

1. Oh praise the Lord! He loves to hear you sing-ing; In sweet ac - cord loud

let His praise be ringing. Oh praise the Lord, oh praise the Lord! A - MEN.

- 2 Our voices raise, with joy and gladness singing,
 And cheerful praise, oh let us all be bringing;
 Our voices raise, our voices raise.
- 3 We bless Thee, Lord, while every heart rejoices,
 Thy name adored we sing with reverent voices;
 We bless Thee, Lord, we bless Thee, Lord.
- 4 Then evermore, in every land and nation,
 Tell o'er and o'er the story of salvation,
 For evermore, for evermore. AMEN.

164

Lead, kindly Light.

LUX BENIGNA. P. M.

Dr. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

The first system of music is in 3/2 time, key of B-flat major. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on.

The second system of music continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The third system of music continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

The dis - tant scene; one stepe - nough for me. A - MEN.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but
now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not
past years.

3 So long Thy power hast blest me, sure
it still
Will lead me on [rent, till
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-
The night is gone, [smile,
And with the morn those angel-faces
Which I have loved long since, and
lost a while. AMEN.

Dr. J. H. Newman.

165 *Lord, Dismiss us with Thy Blessing.*

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.

ITALIAN.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with
joy and peace; { Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing,
Oh re - fresh us, Oh re - fresh us,
Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace. } A - MEN.
Trav - 'ling through this wil - der - ness. }

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day.

AMEN. *Rev. W. Shirley.*

166

Brightly Gleams our Banner.

ST. ALBANS. 6s & 5s.

From HAYDN. (Arr. by Rev. J. B. DYKES.)

f

1. Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky,
 CHO.—Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky,

Fine. ⊕

Wav - ing wand'ers on - ward To their home on high.
 Wav - ing wand'ers on - ward To their home on high.

Journeying o'er a des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,

Chorus. D.C. ⊕

And, with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our heav'nward way. A - MEN.

2 Hail, sweet Jesus, Master !
Round Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Long, alas! we've left Thee,
Straying far away;
Now once more we'll enter
On the narrow way.

Cho.—Brightly gleams our banner, etc.

3 All our days direct us,
Make us meek and mild
By Thy childhood's pattern,
Mary's holy Child.

Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower ;
Pardon Thou, protect us
At death's solemn hour.—*Cho.*

4 Jesu, saints and angels
With Thy Church combine,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy glorious shrine ;
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.—*Cho.*
AMEN.

167 God shall Charge His Angel Legions.

TRUST. 8s & 7s.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. God shall charge His an - gel le - gions Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk thro' hos - tile re - gions, Though in desert wilds thou sleep. AMEN.

2 On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread,
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,

With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.

4 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save,
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.
AMEN.

J. Montgomery.

168

Oft in Sorrow.

CONFIDENCE. 7s.

SIR JOHN GOSS.

1. Oft in sor - row, oft in woe, On - ward, Christians, on - ward go;

Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthened with the Bread of life.

Let your droop - ing hearts be glad, March with heav'n - ly ar - mor clad;

Fight, nor think the bat - tle long; Vic - t'ry soon shall turn your song. A - MEN.

2 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
 Soon shall every tear be dry;
 Let not woe your course impede,
 Great your strength if great your need;

Onward, then, to battle move,
 More than conquerors ye shall prove;
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldiers, onward go. AMEN.

Henry Kirke White.

169

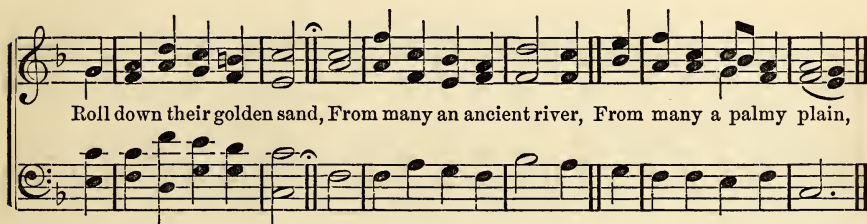
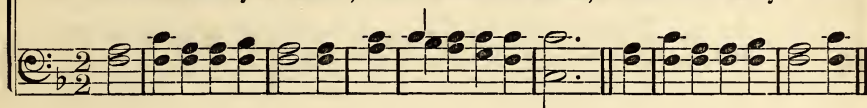
From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D.

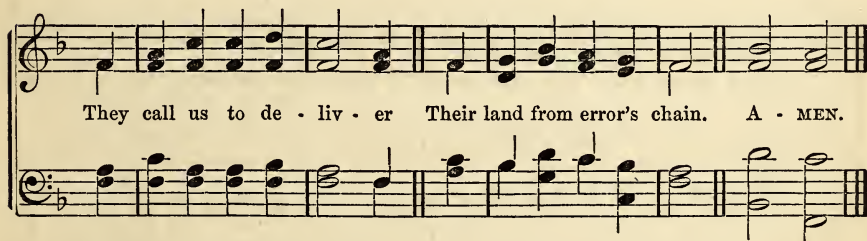
LOWELL MASON.



1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains



Roll down their golden sand, From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain. A - MEN.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile?
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole,
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign. AMEN.

Bishop Heber.

170

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6s & 5s.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.
Forward in - to bat - tle See His banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,

The third system of music begins with the word "CHORUS." in bold. The melody and accompaniment continue. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - MEN.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The melody and accompaniment continue. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

- 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.—*Cho.*
- 3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;

- Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—*Cho.*
- 4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King—
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—*Cho.*

AMEN.

171

God Bless our Native Land.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

H. CAREY.

1. God bless our native land! Firm may she ever stand When the wild tempests rave,
Thro' storm and night;

Ruler of winds and wave, Do Thou our country save By Thy great might. A - MEN.

- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies,
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye,
To Thee alone we cry,
"God save the State."

- 3 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty;
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King. AMEN.

J. S. Dwight.

172

O Happy Band of Pilgrims.

PILGRIM. 7s & 6s.

HAUPTMANN.

1. O hap - py band of pilgrims, If on - ward ye will tread,

With Je - sus as your Fel - low, To Je - sus as your

Head, To Je - sus as your Head,— A - MEN.

- 2 Oh happy if ye labor
As Jesus did for men,
Oh happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.
- 3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due,
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
- 4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,

- 5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—
- 6 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?
- 7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize. AMEN.

173

Waken, Christian Children.

English.

1. Waken, Christian chil - dren, Up, and let us sing, With glad hearts and voi - ces,

Of our new-born King. Up! 'tis meet to wel - come With a joyous lay

Christ, the King of glo - ry, Born for us to - day. A - MEN.

2 In a manger lowly
Sleeps the heavenly Child,
O'er Him fondly bendeth
Mary, mother mild.
Far above that stable,
Up in heaven so high,
One bright star outshineth,
Watching silently.

3 Fear not, then, to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold or myrrh or incense
Fitting for a King.

Gifts He asketh richer,
Offering costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

4 Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts, He loveth
Infant purity.
Haste we, then, to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of glory,
Born for us to-day.

174

Holy Night ! Peaceful Night.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

1. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! All is dark, save the light

The first system of music is in 6/8 time. The treble staff begins with a melody marked *mf*, followed by a passage marked *pp*, and then another *mf* passage. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Yon - der where they sweet vig - il keep O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a *pp* marking. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Rests in hea - ven - ly peace, Rests in hea - ven - ly peace.

The third system concludes the piece. The treble staff has a *pp* marking. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

2 Holy night! peaceful night!
 Only for shepherds' sight
 Came blest visions of angel-throngs
 With their loud alleluia songs,
 Saying, Jesus is come,
 Saying, Jesus is come.

3 Holy night! peaceful night!
 Child of heaven, oh how bright [born!
 Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast
 Blest indeed was that happy morn,
 Full of heavenly joy,
 Full of heavenly joy.

175 While Shepherds watched their Flocks by Night.

From *The Shawm*.

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, }
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And 'glo - ry shone a - round. }

Sing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town this day,
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall
find
To human view displayed,

All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to
men,
Begin, and never cease."

176

Christ was Born on Christmas Day.

A. NEVIN.

1. Christ was born on Christmas day, Wreathe the holly, twine the bay; Christ the Lord is

born to-day, The Babe, the Son, The Ho-ly Child of Ma - ry. A - MEN.

- 2 He is born to set us free,
He is born our Lord to be,
Carol, carol joyfully:
The Babe, the Son, etc.
- 3 Let the bright red berries glow
Everywhere in goodly show;
Christ the Lord is come, you know,
The Babe, the Son, etc.
- 4 Christian men, rejoice and sing;
'Tis the birthday of our King;
Every one your anthem bring
To God the Lord,
The holy Child of Mary.

177

A Child this Day is Born.

TRADITIONAL.

1. A Child this day is born, A Child of high re-
CHO.—Glad ti - dings to all men, Glad ti - dings sing we

A CHILD THIS DAY IS BORN.—Continued.

Chorus. D.C.

nown; Most wor - thy of a seep - tre, A seep - tre and a crown.
may, Be - cause the King of kings Was born on Christmas day.

- 2 These tidings shepherds heard
Whilst watching o'er their fold;
'Twas by an angel unto them
That night revealed and told.—*Cho.*
- 3 They praised the Lord our God,
And our celestial King;

- All glory be in Paradise,
This heavenly host do sing.—*Cho.*
- 4 All glory be to God,
That sitteth still on high,
With praises and with triumph great,
And joyful melody.—*Cho.*

178

The Children's King.

ANON.

1. Now we bring our Christmas treasures, Loving tho'ts and deeds we bring;

Child-like hearts we glad-ly of - fer To the Child, the children's King. A - MEN.

- 2 To the Child who in the manger
Lay upon that Christmas morn,
When the angels came to tell us
That the children's King was born.
- 3 And He lives throughout the ages—
Lives and reigns in earth and sky;

- Angel hosts still sing the glory
Of the children's King on high.
- 4 Yet He cares for children's praises,
So with heart and voice we sing,
"Glory in the highest, glory
To the Child, the children's King."
AMEN.

179

Little Children, can you Tell?

1. Lit - tle chil - dren, can you tell, Do you know the

sto - ry well, Ev - 'ry girl and ev - 'ry boy, Why the an - gels

sing for joy On the Christ-mas morn - ing?

2 Yes, we know the story well ;
Listen now and hear us tell,
Every girl and every boy,
Why the angels sing for joy
On the Christmas morning.

3 Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were scattered round,
When a brightness filled the sky,
And a voice was heard on high
On the Christmas morning.

4 "Joy and peace!" the angels sang;
Far the pleasant echoes rang;

"Peace on earth, to men good-will!"
Hark! the angels sing it still
On the Christmas morning.

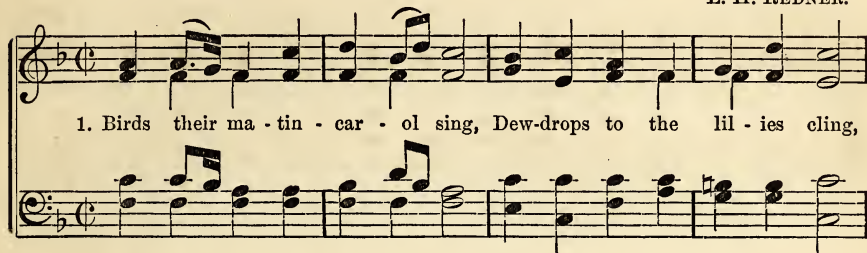
5 For a little Babe that day
Cradled in a manger lay,
Born on earth our Lord to be;
This the wondering angels see
On the Christmas morning.

6 Joy our little hearts shall fill,
Peace and love, and all good-will;
This fair Babe of Bethlehem
Children loves, and blesses them
On the Christmas morning.

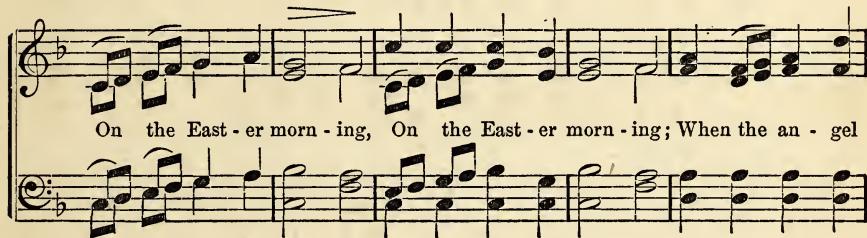
180

The Easter Morning.

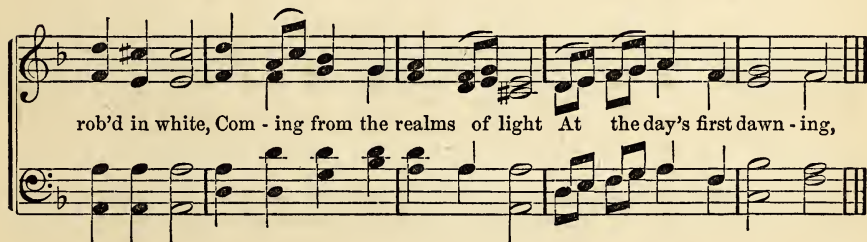
L. H. REDNER.



1. Birds their ma - tin - car - ol sing, Dew-drops to the lil - ies cling,



On the East - er morn - ing, On the East - er morn - ing; When the an - gel



rob'd in white, Com - ing from the realms of light At the day's first dawn - ing,

2 Rolls the heavy stone away
From the tomb where Jesus lay,
Over Death victorious;
Forth in radiant majesty
From the grave's captivity
Comes the Saviour glorious.

3 When the sun expels the night
From the plain, and mountain-height
Tips with rosy gleaming,

Then the Sun of righteousness
O'er the world's unhappiness
Sheds His joyous beaming.

4 So into your hearts of sin,
Children, let Him enter in
At your life's first morning,
That with beams of light divine
He through all your lives may shine
Till the heavenly dawning.

Rev. W. H. Neilson.

181

We will Carol Joyfully.

Arr. from KULLAR.

1. We will car - ol joy - ful - ly On this ho - ly fes - tal day;

To our ris - en Lord and King Grate - ful homage we will bring.

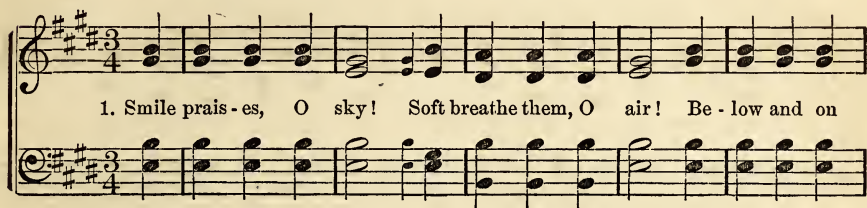
Car - ol, car - ol, car - ol, car - ol To our ris - en Lord and King.

- 2 We will carol joyfully
As with sweet accord we bring
Praise from every heart and voice
To our risen Lord and King.
Carol, carol, etc.
- 3 We will carol joyfully
While our love and thanks we give

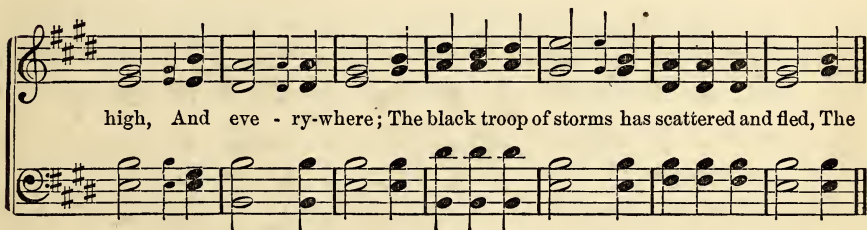
- To our risen Lord and King,
Him who died that we might live.
Carol, carol, etc.
- 4 We will carol joyfully,
And to Him our offerings bring—
Grateful hearts, with love and praise,
To our risen Lord and King.
Carol, carol, etc.

182

Smile Praises, O Sky!



1. Smile prais-es, O sky! Soft breathe them, O air! Be-low and on



high, And eve-ry-where; The black troop of storms has scattered and fled, The



{ Lord hath a-ri-sen, The } harmed from the dead.

2 Sweep tides of rich music
The new world along,
And pour in full measure,
Sweet lyres, your song.
Sing, sing, for He liveth,
He lives, as He said;
The Lord has arisen
Unharmd from the dead.

3 Clap, clap your hands, mountains;
Ye valleys, resound;
Leap, leap for joy, fountains;
Ye hills, catch the sound.
All triumph! He liveth,
He lives, as He said;
The Lord has arisen
Unharmd from the dead.

Tr. by Mrs. Charles.

183

*Christ hath Arisen.*M. WERNER.
Fine.

1. Christ hath a - ris - en ! Death is no more ! Lo ! the white-robed ones Sit by the door.
D.C. Dawn, golden morning, Scatter the night ! Haste, ye disciples glad, First with the light.

D. C.
Dawn, golden morning, Scat-ter the night ! Haste, ye disciples glad, First with the light.

- 2 Break forth in singing,
O world new-born !
Chant the great Easter-tide,
Christ's holy morn.
||: Chant Him, young sunbeams,
Dancing in mirth,
Chant, all ye winds of God,
Coursing the earth. :||
- 3 Chant Him, ye laughing flowers
Fresh from the sod ;
Chant Him, wild leaping streams,
Praising your God.

- ||: Break from thy winter,
Sad heart, and sing ;
Bud with thy blossoms fair,
Christ is thy Spring. :||
- 4 Come where the Lord hath lain ;
Past is the gloom ;
See the full eye of day
Smile through the tomb.
||: Hark ! angel-voices
Fall from the skies :
"Christ hath arisen !"
Glad heart, arise. :||

Rev. E. A. Washburn.

184

Jesus, High in Glory.

EUDOXIA.

Rev. S. BARING GOULD.

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list' - ning ear,

EUDOXIA.—Continued.

When we bow be - fore Thee; Children's prais - es hear. A - MEN.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day,
Help us now to love Thee,
Take our sins away.

5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come." AMEN.

185

Humble Praises, Holy Jesus.

RUSSIAN HYMN.

1. Hum-ble prais-es, ho - ly Je - sus, In - fant voi - ces raise to Thee: }
In Thy mer - cy, oh re - ceive us! Suf - fer us Thy lambs to be. }

CHORUS.

{ Hal - le - lu - ia, sweet-ly sing-ing, Joy-ful trib-ute now we bring. }
{ Hal - le - lu - ia, Hal - le - lu - ia, Hal - le - lu - ia to our King. } A - MEN.

2 Gracious Saviour, be Thou with us,
Let Thy mercy richly flow;
Give Thy Spirit, blessed Jesus,
Light and life on us bestow.

Cho.—Halleluia, sweetly singing, etc.

186

O Lord, we Adore Thee.

PANSERON.

1. O Lord, we a - dore Thee, Humbly we im - plore Thee, Keep us in Thy

care, Hear, oh hear our prayer. 1. And, Thou gracious Saviour, Oh, grant us Thy
2. As Thou hast, etc.

fa - vor; By Thy mortal suff'ring, Deign to bless our off'ring. A - MEN. *D.C. ⊕*

2 As Thou hast descended
And mortals befriended,
Still smile Thou upon us,
Look with mercy on us.
O Lord, etc.

3 The angels do bless Thee;
Men too shall confess Thee,
Till Thy true salvation
Glad earth's every nation.
O Lord, etc.

187 Hosanna we Sing, like the Children Dear.

HOSANNA.

E. A.

1. Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil - dren dear In the old - en
He blessed lit - tle chil - dren and smil'd on them As they chanted His

D.C. fol - low their Shep-herd with lov - ing eyes, Thro' the beau - ti - ful

days when the Lord liv'd here; }
praise in Je - ru - sa - lem. } Al - le - lu - ia! we sing like the child-ren bright;

val-leys of par - a - dise.

With their harps of gold and their rai - ment white As they A - MEN.

2 Hosanna we sing, for He lends His ear
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;
We know that His heart will never wax cold
To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.
"Alleluia!" we sing in the Church we love,
"Alleluia!" resounds in the Church above;
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given
That we lose not our part in the song of heaven. AMEN.

188 *Praise, oh Praise our God and King!*

MONKLAND.

J. B. WILKES.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Praise, oh praise our God and King! Hymns of ad-o-ra-tion sing:

CHORUS.

For His mer-cies still en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure. A-MEN.

2 Praise Him that He made the sun,
Day by day his course to run;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;

For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Glory to our bounteous King,
Glory let creation sing—
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.
AMEN.

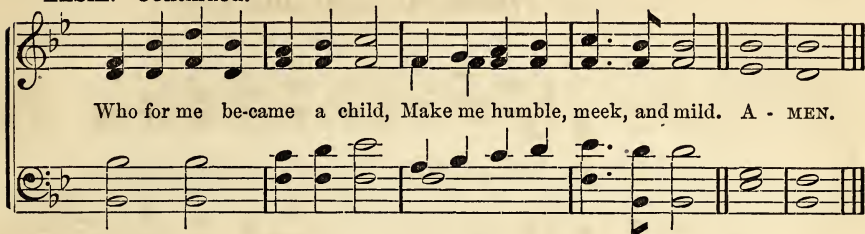
189 *Jesus, Saviour, Son of God.*

ELSIE.

A. NEVIN.

1. Je-sus, Sa-viour, Son of God, Who for me life's path-way trod,

ELSIE.—Continued.



Who for me be-came a child, Make me humble, meek, and mild. A - MEN.

2 I Thy little lamb would be,
Jesus, I would follow Thee;
Samuel was Thy child of old,
Take me, too, within Thy fold.

3 Teach me how to pray to Thee,
Make me holy, heavenly;
Let me love what Thou dost love,
Let me live with Thee above. AMEN.

190

The Infant Martyrs.

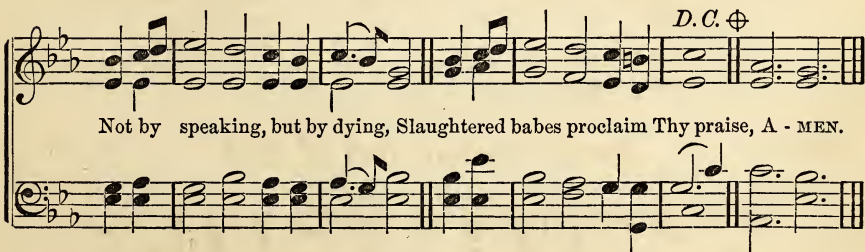
NETTLETON.

ANON.



1. Je - sus, ho - ly Child from heaven, Thou for chil - dren wast a child ;
In - fant martyrs gathered round Thee, And, un - con - scious, for Thee died. }

D.C. Not by speak - ing, but by dying, Slaughtered babes proclaim Thy praise.



Not by speaking, but by dying, Slaughtered babes proclaim Thy praise, A - MEN.

2 Hail, sweet band of lovely infants,
Welcoming the holy Child,
First-fruits of His martyr-glory,
Innocent and meek and mild.
||: Not by willing, but by dying,
They gave up their all for Thee.:||

3 Jesus, holy Child from heaven,
Who for children wast a child,
Lambs upon Thine altar laying,
Make us humble, meek, and mild,
||: That in living and in dying
We may evermore be Thine. AMEN.

191

Little Travelers Zionward.

1. Lit - tle travel-ers Zi - on - ward, Each one en-t'ring in - to rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord, In the mansions of the blest. A - MEN.

- 2 There to welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crown His followers win;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travelers in.
- 3 Who are these whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Soon shall reach that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
- 4 "I, from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I, from India's sultry plain;"

- "I, from Afric's burning sand;"
"I, from islands of the main."
- 5 "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
We'll together meet at last
At the portal of the sky."
- 6 Each the welcome "Come!" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin.
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travelers in. AMEN.

192

Holy Jesus, be my Light.

MAUD.

A. S. GATTY.

1. Ho - ly Je - sus, be my light, Shine up - on my way;

MAUD—Continued.

Through this tempting, changing life Lead me day by day. A - MEN.

2 As the wise men came of old,
Traveling afar,
Guided to Thy cradle throne
By a wondrous star,

2 So be Thou my constant Guide,
Lead me all the way,
Till I reach Thy home at last,
Nevermore to stray. AMEN.

193

I am Jesus' Little Lamb.

1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, There - fore glad and gay I am;
D.C. Tends me ev' - ry day the same, E - ven calls me by my name.

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus knows me, All that's good and fair He shows me; A - MEN.

2 Out and in I safely go,
Want and hunger never know;
Soft green pastures He discloseth,
Where His happy flock reposeeth;
When I faint or thirsty be,
To the brook He leadeth me.

3 Should not I be glad and gay,
In this blessed fold all day,
By this holy Shepherd tended,
Whose kind arms, when life is ended,
Bear me to the world of light?
Yes, oh yes, my lot is bright. AMEN.

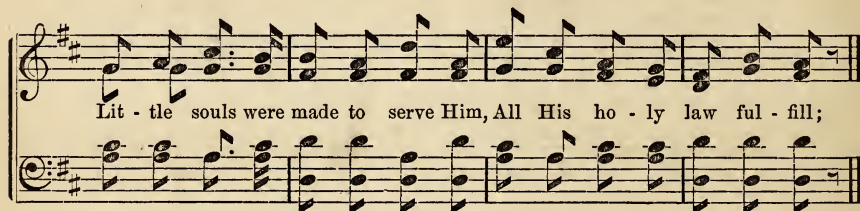
194

*Little Children, come to Jesus.*S. B. SAXTON. From *Musical Pioneer*.


1. Lit - tle chil - dren, come to Je - sus; Hear Him say - ing, "Come to me;"



Bless - ed Je - sus, who to save us Shed His blood on Cal - va - ry.



Lit - tle souls were made to serve Him, All His ho - ly law ful - fill;



Lit - tle hearts were made to love Him, Lit - tle hands to do His will. A - MEN.

2 Little eyes to read the Bible
Given from the heavens above;
Little ears to hear the story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love;

Little tongues to sing His praises,
Little feet to walk His ways,
Little bodies to be temples
Where the Holy Spirit stays. AMEN.

195

The Fields are all White.

REV. W. H. COOKE.

1. The fields are all white, And the reap - ers are few; We

chil - dren are will - ing, But what can we do To work for our Lord in His

har - vest, To work for our Lord in His har - vest? A - MEN.

2 Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak,
We cannot teach others;
How, then, shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

3 We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,

By small self-denials;
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His harvest.

4 Until, by and by,
As the years pass, at length
We too may be reapers,
And go forth in strength
To work for our Lord in His harvest.
AMEN.

196

Where is the Holy Jesus?

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.

1. Where is the Ho-ly Je - sus? He lives in heav'n a - bove,

He looks up-on good children With ten-der-ness and love. A - MEN.

2 Where is the holy Jesus?
His home is everywhere;
He loves that little children
Should speak to Him in prayer.

3 Once He came down from heaven
And became a little child;
He was so good and gentle,
Obedient, meek, and mild,

4 He had no naughty tempers,
He said no angry word,

And all good little children
Should be like Christ their Lord.

5 For He will make them holy
And teachable and mild,
And has sent His blessed Spirit
To every Christian child.

6 Then, every night and morning
When I kneel down to pray,
I will ask the holy Jesus
To help me day by day. AMEN.

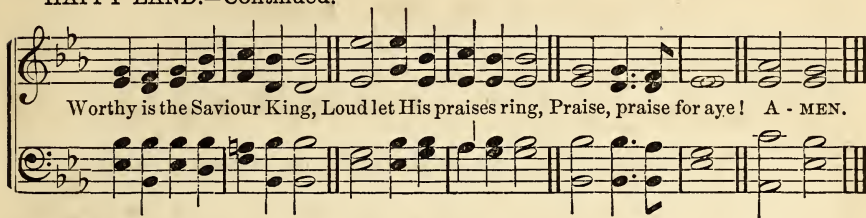
197

There is a Happy Land.

HAPPY LAND.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way, } Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day. }

HAPPY LAND.—Continued.



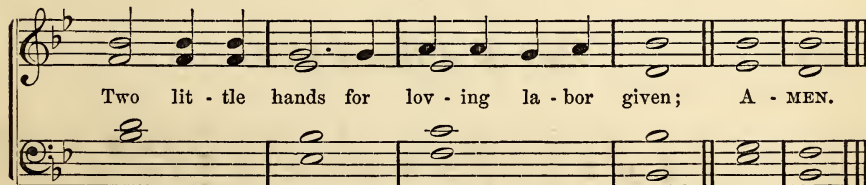
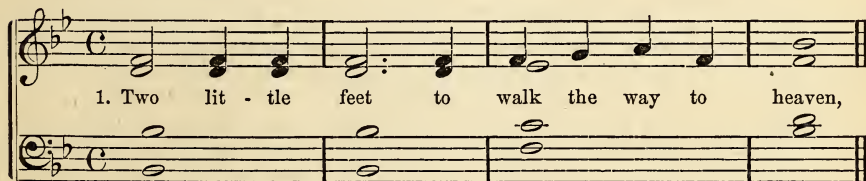
2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh we shall happy be
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die.
Oh, then, to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And, bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

198 *Two Little Feet to Walk the Way to Heaven.*

CORNISH MELODY.

Arr. by A. NEVIN.



2 Two little eyes to read God's holy word,
Two little lips to praise the blessed Lord;

3 One deathless soul, beaming with love and light,—
So shall we live always in Jesus' sight. AMEN.

199

Jesus Loves me, Jesus Loves me.

MERTON.

Sac. Mus. Cabinet.

1. Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, He is al - ways, al - ways near;

If I try to please Him truly, There is naught that I can fear. A - MEN.

2 Jesus loves me; well I know it,
For to save my soul He died;
He for me bore pain and sorrow,
Nailèd hands and piercèd side.

3 Jesus loves me; night and morning
Jesus hears the prayers I pray,
And He never, never leaves me,
When I work or when I play.

4 Jesus loves me, and He watches
Over me with loving eye,
And He sends His holy angels
Safe to keep me till I die.

5 Jesus loves me; O Lord Jesu,
Now I pray Thee by Thy love
Keep me ever pure and holy
Till I come to Thee above. AMEN.

200

The Morning Bright.

1. The morning bright, With ro - sy light, Hath waked me from my sleep;

THE MORNING BRIGHT.—Continued.

Fa-ther, I own Thy love a-lone Thy lit-tle one doth keep. A - MEN.

2 All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my Guard and Guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

3 Oh make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face. AMEN.

201

Do no Sinful Action.

A. NEVIN.

1. Do no sin - ful ac - tion, Speak no an - gry word;

We be - long to Je - sus, Chil - dren of the Lord. A - MEN.

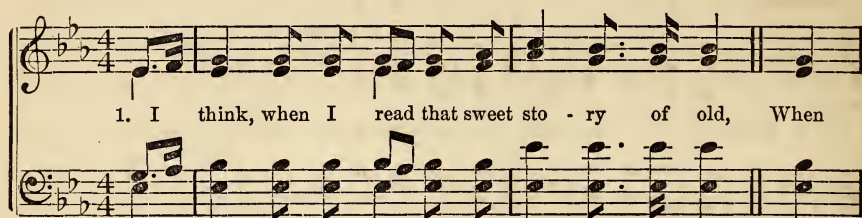
2 Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true,
And His own dear children
Must be holy too.

3 We are new-born Christians;
We must learn to fight

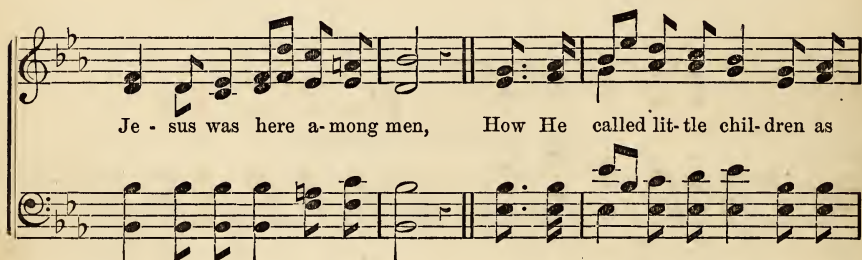
With the bad within us,
And to do the right.

4 Christ is our blest Master,
He is good and true,
And His own dear children
Must be holy too. AMEN.

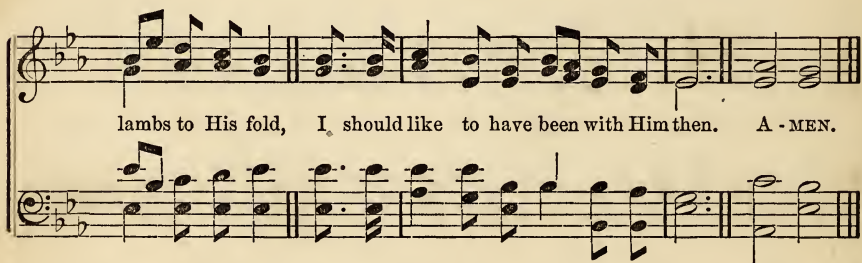
202 *I Think, when I Read that Sweet Story of Old.*



1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When



Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit-tle chil-dren as



lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with Him then. A - MEN.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed
on my head,
That His arm had been thrown
around me,
And that I might have seen His kind
look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I
may go,
And ask for a share in His love ;

And if I thus earnestly seek Him
below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to
prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven,
And many dear children are gathering
there,
"For of such is the kingdom of
heaven." AMEN.

203

When Little Samuel Woke.

LENOX.

J. EDSON.

1. When lit - tle Sam-uel woke, And heard his Maker's voice, At ev' - ry word He

spoke How much did he re - joice! Oh bless - ed, hap - py child, to find

The God of heav'n so near and kind, The God of heav'n so near and kind. A - MEN.

- 2 If God would speak to me,
And say He was my Friend,
How happy I should be!
Oh how I would attend!
The smallest sin I then would fear
If God almighty were so near.
- 3 And does He never speak?
Oh yes, for in His word
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard.

And every sin I well may fear,
Since God almighty is so near.

- 4 Like Samuel let me say,
Whene'er I read His word,
"Speak, Lord; I would obey
The voice that Samuel heard;"
And when I in Thy house appear,
"Speak, for Thy servant waits to
hear." AMEN.

204

Jesus, Holy, Undefined.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, ho - ly, un - de - filed, Lis - ten to a lit - tle child;

Thou hast sent the glo - rious light, Chas - ing far the si - lent night. A - MEN.

2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of Thine,
Warmth to give and pleasant glow
On each tender flower below.

3 Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gayly in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise
In the early songs they raise.

4 Thou by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread,
And Thy Holy Spirit give,
Without whom I cannot live.

5 Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day,
And when Thou at last shall come,
Take me to Thy heavenly home.

AMEN.

205


Glory to the Father give.

ST. MARTINS.

Old French Melody.

1. Glo - ry to the Fath - er give— God, in whom we move and live;

ST. MARTINS.—Continued.



Children's pray'rs He deigns to hear, Children's songs delight His ear. A-MEN.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost;

Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love." AMEN.

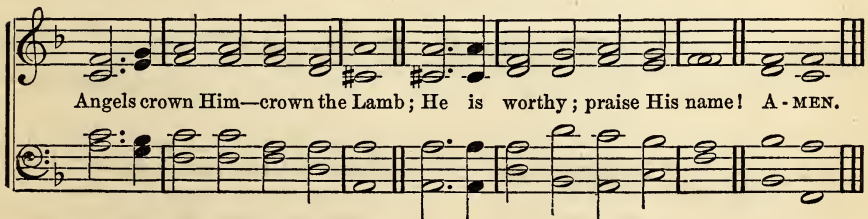
206

Endless Praises to our Lord.

GREGORIAN.



1. End - less prais - es to our Lord, Ev - er be His name a - dored.



Angels crown Him—crown the Lamb; He is worthy; praise His name! A - MEN.

2 Now adore Him for His grace
To our guilty, fallen race;
Come, then, children, join to sing;
"Glory to our God and King!" AMEN.

207

I Love to Hear the Story.

1. I love to hear the sto - ry, Which angel-voi - ces tell, How once the King of

glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell ; I am both weak and sin - ful, But

this I surely know, The Lord came down to save me, Because He lov'd me so. AMEN.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be ;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise ;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise,
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

208

Once in Royal David's City.

IRBY.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a
Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a

low - ly cat - tle - shed, } Ma - ry was that moth - er mild,
man - ger for His bed ; }

Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child. A - MEN.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor and mean and lowly
Lived on earth a Saviour holy.

3 And through all His wondrous child-
hood
He would honor and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew,
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above,
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

AMEN.

209

Up Above the Bright Blue Sky.

G. F. FLOWERS, Mus. Bac.

1. Up a - bove the bright blue sky, Where the stars are peep - ing,

Far - ther still than I can see, Heav'n - ly watch - ers

ov - er me Night - ly care are keep - ing. A - MEN.

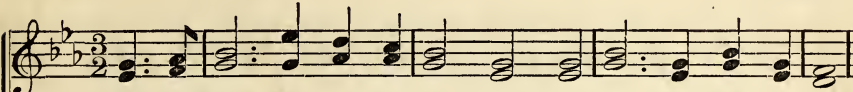
- 2 And if, like the angels, I
 Could behold around me,
 I should see them come and go,
 Pass from heaven to earth below,
 And their hosts surround me.
- 3 All day long, and all night too,
 While I'm safely sleeping,
 Busy on their task of love,
 They are sent from heaven above,
 Faithful vigil keeping.

- 4 And whilst us from evil things
 Angels are defending,
 Little children robed in white
 Sing before the throne of light
 In daylight never ending.
- 5 Blessed Jesu, take me too,
 Though I'm weak and lowly;
 Let Thy gentle grace within
 Make my garments white and clean,
 And my spirit holy. AMEN.

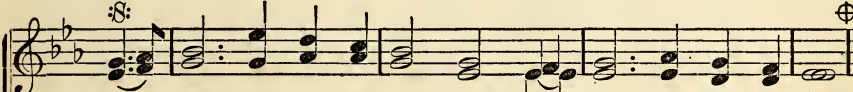
210

There's a Friend for Little Children.

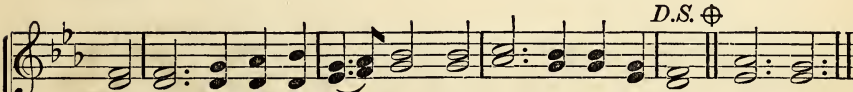
ANON.



1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky—



A Friend that nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die.
D.S. This Friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear name He bears.



Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with changing years; A - MEN.

2 There's a home for little children

Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory—
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

3 There's a crown for little children

Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by—

A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found His favor
And loved His name below.

4 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music
And palms of victory.

All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Lord, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own. AMEN.

211

Now the Day is Over.

EVENING.

German.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,

Shad-ows of the ev' - ning Steal a - cross the sky. A - MEN.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes. AMEN.

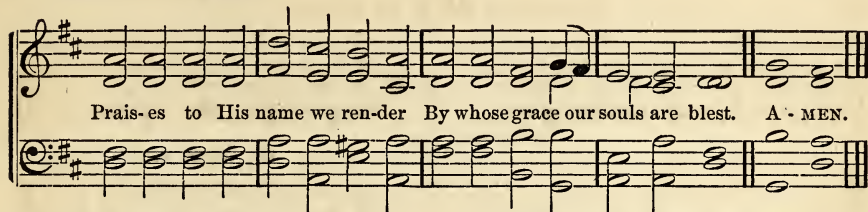
212

Jesus, like a Shepherd Tender.

PRAISE. 8s & 7s.

1. Je - sus, like a shep-herd ten - der, Feeds His flock and gives them rest;

PRAISE.—Continued.



Prais-es to His name we ren-der By whose grace our souls are blest. A - MEN.

- 2 Feeble as we are, He careth
For our wants from day to day;
Each His love and pity shareth,
While He guides us in the way.
- 3 Holy Jesus, still direct us,
While Thy lambs on earth are found;

- Let Thy mighty power protect us
As we pass where snares abound.
- 4 Keep us, save us, may we never
Turn from Thee or grieve Thy love;
Feed us, lift us up for ever
To Thy glorious fold above. AMEN.

213

Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

BERNHARD.

German. ⊕



1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me ; Bless Thy lit - tle Lamb to - night ;
Through the darkness be Thou near me ; Keep me safe till morning light. }

D.C. Through the darkness be Thou near me ; Keep me safe till morning light.



Tender Shepherd, tender Shepherd, Keep me safe till morning light ; A - MEN.

- 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
:: Thou hast warmed me, clothed and
fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer. :||
Tender Shepherd, etc.

- 3 May my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well ;
:: Take us, Lord, at last, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. :||
Tender Shepherd, etc.
AMEN.

- 1** L. M.
 PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 AMEN.
- 2** 8s.
 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be glory in the highest given
 By all in earth and all in heaven,
 As was through ages heretofore,
 Is now, and shall be evermore. AMEN.
- 3** C. M.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. AMEN.
- 4** S. M.
 To the eternal Three,
 In will and essence one,
 To Father, Son, and Spirit be
 Coequal honors done. AMEN.
- 5** 7s.
 Sing we to our God above,
 Praise eternal as His love;
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 AMEN.
- 6** 7s.
 Praise the name of God most high,
 Praise Him, all below the sky,
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 As through endless ages past,
 Evermore His praise shall last. AMEN.
- 7** 8s & 7s.
 Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fullness stored;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord! AMEN.
- 8** 8s, 7s, & 4.
 Glory be to God the Father,
 Glory to th' eternal Son,
 Sound aloud the Spirit's praises,
 Join the elders round the throne.
 Hallelujah,
 Hail the glorious Three in One. AMEN.
- 9** 7s & 6s.
 Praise be to God the Father,
 Praise be to God the Son,
 And praise to God the Spirit,
 The glorious Three in One;
 With all the hosts of heaven
 We worship and adore
 Thy triune name most holy,
 Now and for evermore. AMEN.
- 10** 6s & 5s.
 Glory to the Father,
 Glory to the Son,
 And to Thee, blest Spirit,
 Whilst all ages run. AMEN.
- 11** H. M.
 To God, the only wise,
 The one immortal King,
 Let alleluias rise
 From ev'ry living thing;
 Let earth and heaven, with all their host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 AMEN.
- 12** 11s.
 O Father almighty, to Thee be addressed,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever
 bless'd,
 All glory and worship from earth and
 from heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be
 given. AMEN.

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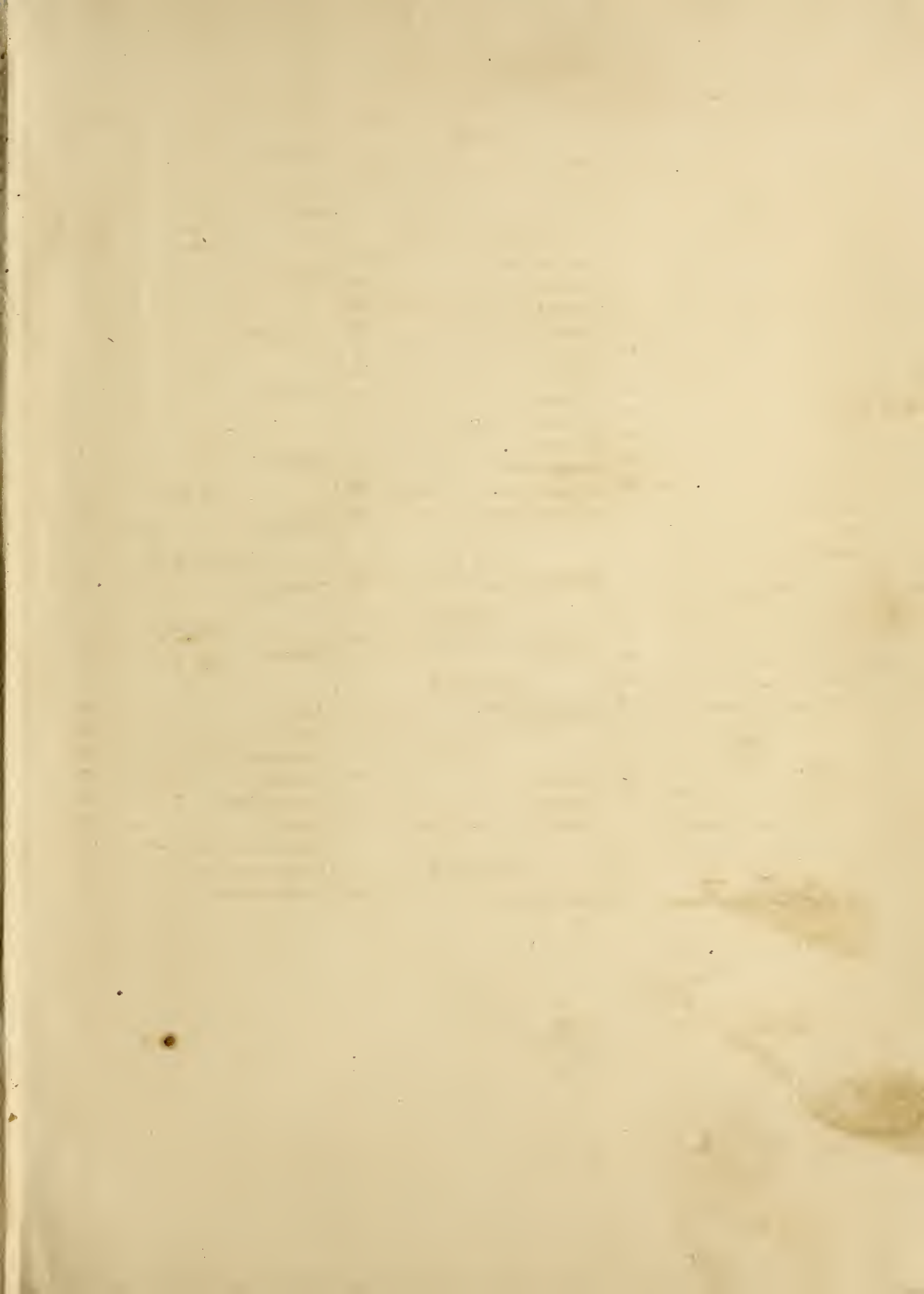
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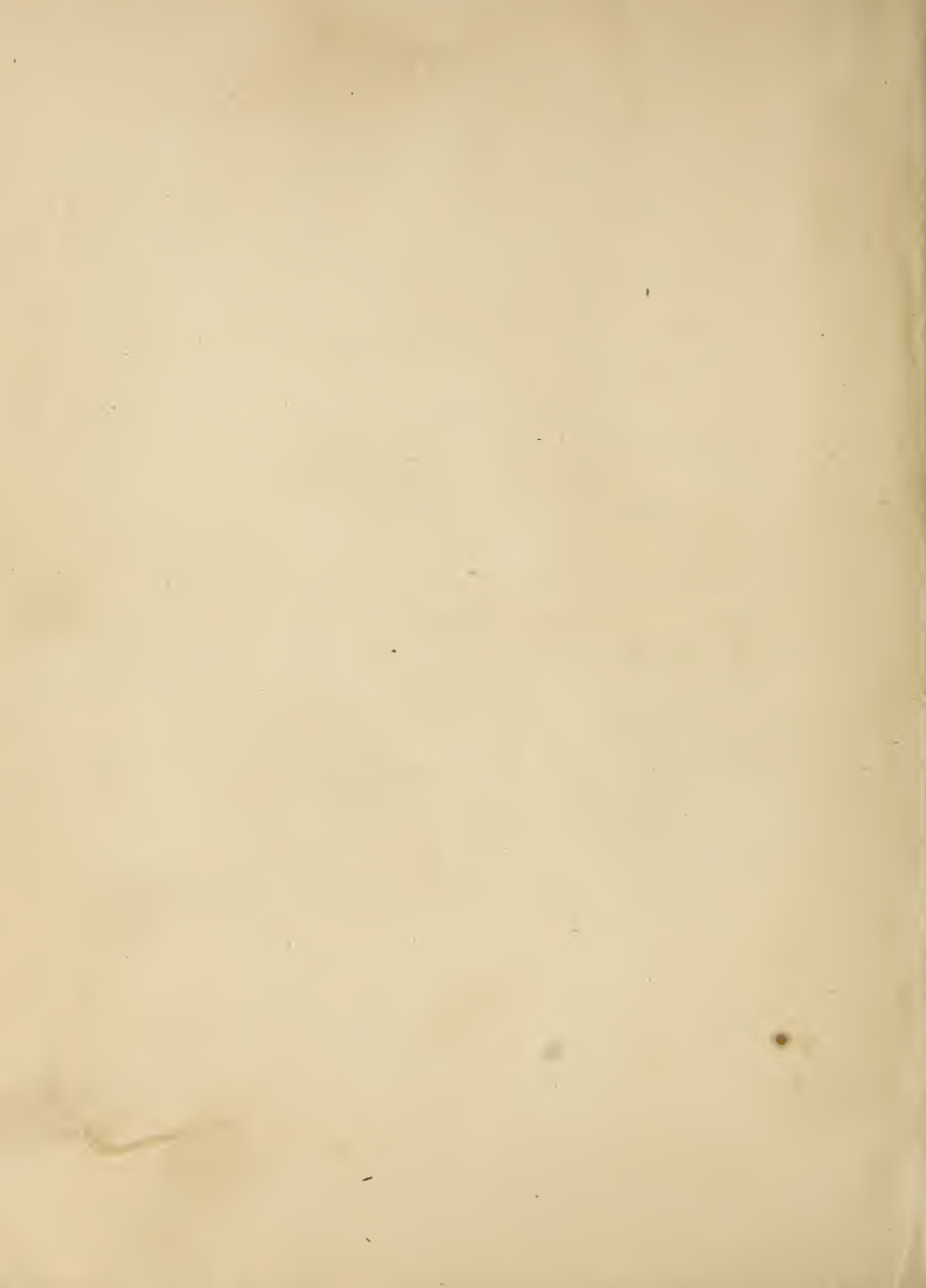
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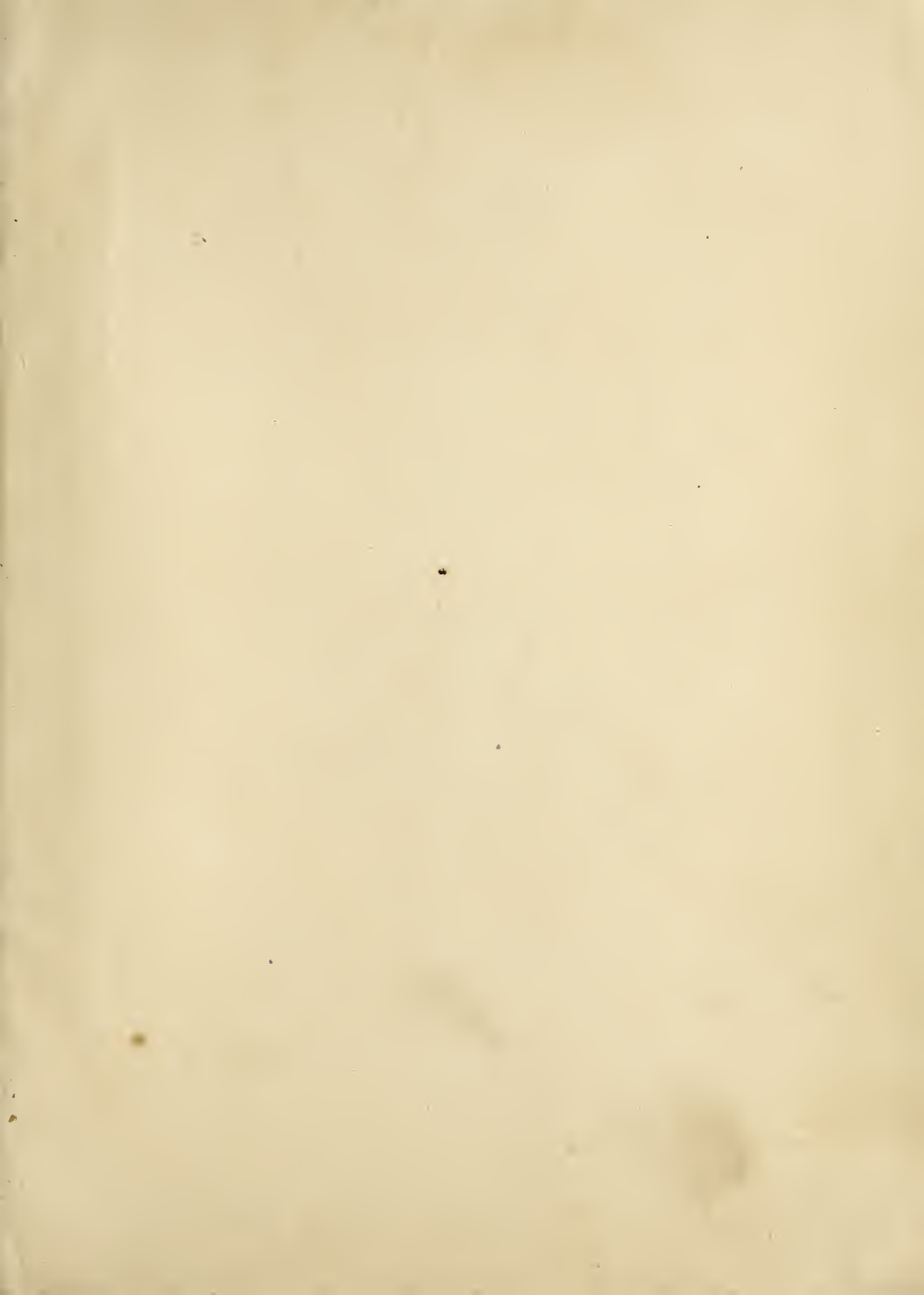
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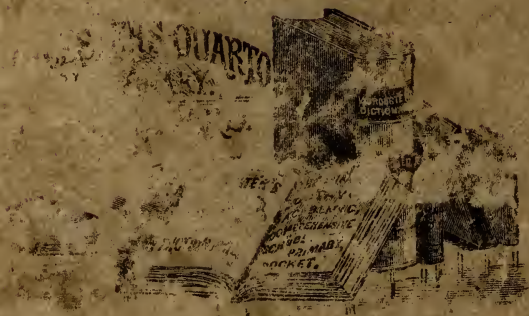








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